

The Sketch

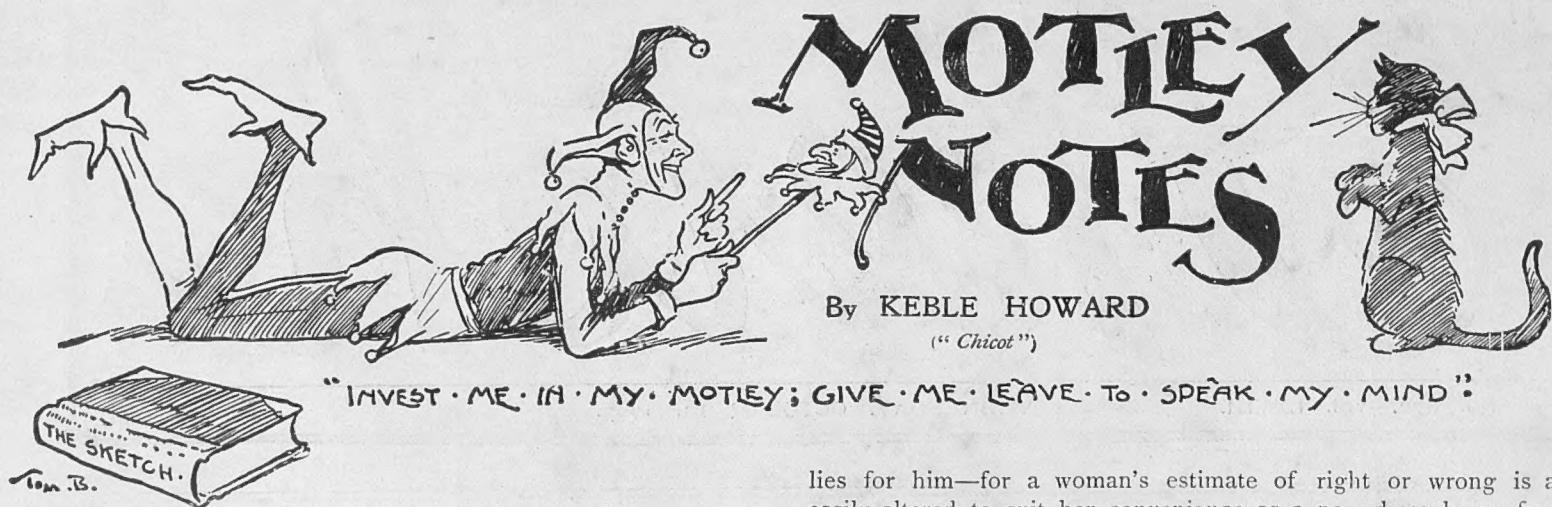
No. 872.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.



Simply Disgraceful! "Woman is not man's equal, never has been, and never will be." I beg of you to note the quotation-marks. The words are not mine. Shall I unmask the rascal who first dared to set them down on paper? Shall I throw him remorselessly to the feminine readers of this Journal? Shall I, in short, print his hated name? I think I will. Surely, he deserves no quarter. If you please, lady, it was Dr. Charles H. Heydemann, Ph.D., as said it. Nor was that the only thing he said. Here is more: "The difference between the skull capacity of the highest man and the lowest woman is thrice greater than that between the lowest woman and the anthropoid apes." Go for him! Tear him into tiny shreds! Scatter the fragments of him to the breezes! Have no respect for his scientific qualifications, which are indisputable; nor for his experience, which, they tell me, is vast; nor for his years, which may be as the sands of the sea in number. If he thought such things, he had no right to give publicity to his thoughts. If he knew for a certainty that he was telling the absolute truth he should have slain himself in order that his knowledge might perish with him. We can forgive him much, but we will never pardon him for dragging the anthropoid ape into the discussion.

Oh for Dear
Dr. Reich!

Still, since Dr. Heydemann has committed himself to the battle, we may as well examine further into his resources. "Of course," the wretch continues, with sleek imperturbability, "women are more precocious in their development than men; but then, so are chimpanzees and all inferior races. Women have also a longer body or trunk compared to the lower members than man, in which they likewise are similar to monkeys and children." Constantly harping, you see, on the similarity—I am almost ashamed to repeat it—between women and monkeys. Was ever such a dastard? As the naughty newspaper-proprietor said in "The Earth": "One must ruin him. I wonder what his investments are?" Dr. Heydemann knows perfectly well that no woman resents comparison of herself with a snake. To be called "snake-like," indeed, is rather complimentary. The cat and the fish do not rank quite so high in her estimation, but she has a very good opinion, taking them for all in all, of the butterfly. The one creature she really loathes and detests is the ape, and I suspect that this horrid Dr. Heydemann knows it. If only he could change himself into that charming Dr. Reich, now! Dr. Reich was quite sure that woman was the superior of man in every possible way. How successful were his lectures!

Idle Ravings, of
Course.

Shall we pay any further attention to this Heydemann fellow? No! And yet, perhaps, it would be as well to hear him on the Suffrage question, if only that we may be prepared for hecklers. Says he: "In the intellectual sphere she not only must remain inferior, but her inferiority, or, rather, man's superiority, must increase, if the race is to progress. That is the law of evolution, which has been proved in countless instances by the greatest scientists of the world." Oh, has it? So you say! And, even supposing it has, do you imagine that we care a jot for a lot of grubby old scientists? Scientists seem to think they know everything, but they don't! So there! We know this much, that we want the vote, and we always get what we want, sooner or later. . . . That's your line of argument, dear lady, in reply to the Doctor. That's the sort of stuff to silence him, to make him bitterly regret his rash, his even wicked statements. For, indeed, what can you think of a man who would put this sort of thing on paper? "What she loves in man is not the lover, but the father of her children. As such, she will humour him; as such, she will tell

lies for him—for a woman's estimate of right or wrong is as easily altered to suit her convenience as a new dress home from the dressmaker." Oh!

A Judge of
Mining.

Let us turn our attention to Judge Parry. Judge Parry, at Manchester, has been throwing new light on a very dingy subject. He has been saying illuminating things about gold-mines. The extract runs as follows: "A very large proportion of people think business is a gold-mine, and conducts itself. As a matter of fact, it is quite otherwise." Now this statement, if it means anything—which it does, coming from Judge Parry—means, undoubtedly, that gold-mines conduct themselves. Personally, I am not at the moment deeply interested in gold-mines, but I have a small interest in coal-mines. If gold-mines conduct themselves, it follows that coal-mines could also conduct themselves. It so happens, however, that the coal-mine in which I have a small interest does not conduct itself. My attention is constantly being called to the fact. It seems that the cost of conducting my coal-mine is enormous—so enormous that whatever money may be made from the sale of the coal is rather less than half enough to pay the conductors. Finally, allow me to admit that my coal-mine is quite capable of misconducting itself. This is not in the least amusing. My sole purpose in printing it is to avoid that particular kind of correspondence.

The Spoils of
Victory.

Have you ever noticed, friend the reader, how that, in the later period of life, men cast off the cloak of humility worn by them with such patience between the ages of thirty and sixty-five? After sixty-five, they are quite ready, even anxious, to let you know just how much they think of themselves and their achievements. This is perfectly natural and pleasing. Who would gird at an old soldier for fighting his battles over again in the chimney-corner of his favourite hostelry? Who is not happy and proud to listen to the veteran actor's tales of tremendous triumphs in the past? And who would be churlish enough to laugh at Mark Twain for his pranks at the wedding of his daughter? It seems to me that the dear old gentleman behaved very prettily. "Dressed in the scarlet cap and gown of a Doctor of Literature of Oxford University," says one of my daily papers, "the humourist perambulated among the guests. Then he circulated among the congregation long slips of paper containing an interview with himself, which he said he had prepared in order to avoid any delay in the ceremony. . . . To the forty guests who attended the wedding breakfast he explained that he made it an invariable rule to charge all male visitors to the house a dollar." Splendid! It is true that you can see Shakespeare's house for sixpence, but not with Shakespeare in it. Mark Twain would have been a boon at many weddings one has attended.

"Nunc Tunc!"

A new comedian who is really a comedian has come upon the scene. He is very welcome. His name is Vere Smith, and he is the leader of that clever little band, "The Grotesques." There is a fine future, I think, for "The Grotesques." Their performance is clever, genuinely funny, and, what is rather rare, refined. I am, I know, a little after the fair, for their engagement at the London Hippodrome finished last week, but they will certainly be back in town before long, and then you must go to see them. Mr. Vere Smith himself is something quite new in the entertaining business. Quiet and entirely unaffected, he has a personality that appeals at once to the audience. His little dog-Latin gags are exquisite, and he is always ready to translate them. "Nunc tunc!" is the battle-cry of "The Grotesques." "Surgat!" is a warning to the choir. "Bona puella" is Vere Smith's word of commendation to the Vicar's wife after her song.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: THE PHOTOGRAPHER AS NEWSMAN.



BRITISH GOLF IN AMERICA: MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING IN THE AMERICAN LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The opening of the American Ladies' Golf Championship was interesting to golfers on this side from the fact that Miss Dorothy Campbell, of North Berwick, British Lady Golfing Champion, defeated Miss McKelvie, of Philadelphia, by 10 and 8.

Photograph by Medrington.



FOR THOSE WHO FEAR THAT THEY MAY BE MISTAKEN FOR WAITERS: THE NEW DRESS-SUIT.

It is suggested that those who fear that when they wear evening dress they may be mistaken for waiters should don a dress-coat of the type here shown. Practically speaking, the new dress-coat is an Eton jacket with tails. That part that is known as the "strap" is abolished.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



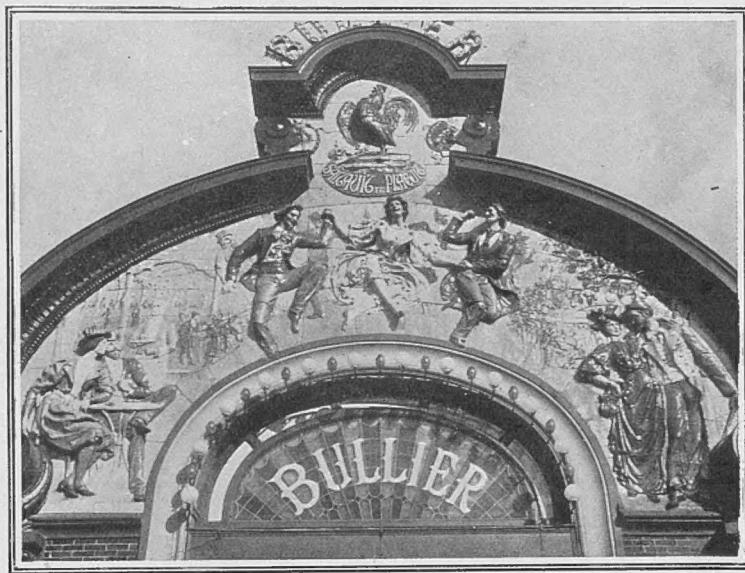
WAS SHE HYPATIA AND GIORDANO BRUNO IN PREVIOUS STATES OF EXISTENCE? MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

According to report, some friends of Mrs. Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society, state that it was recently revealed to her that in previous existences she was Hypatia and Giordano Bruno, the martyred Italian philosopher.

Photograph by L. Caswall Smith.



A FIGURE THAT IS TO DANCE NO MORE: A MAJOLICA DECORATION FROM THE FAMOUS BAL BULLIER, PARIS, WHICH IS ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.



CURIOUS DECORATIONS ON A PARIS "SIGHT" THAT IS TO BE ABOLISHED: MAJOLICA FIGURES OVER THE DOORWAY OF THE BAL BULLIER.

Photographs by Delius.



A FIGURE THAT IS TO DANCE NO MORE: A MAJOLICA DECORATION FROM THE FAMOUS BAL BULLIER, PARIS, WHICH IS ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.



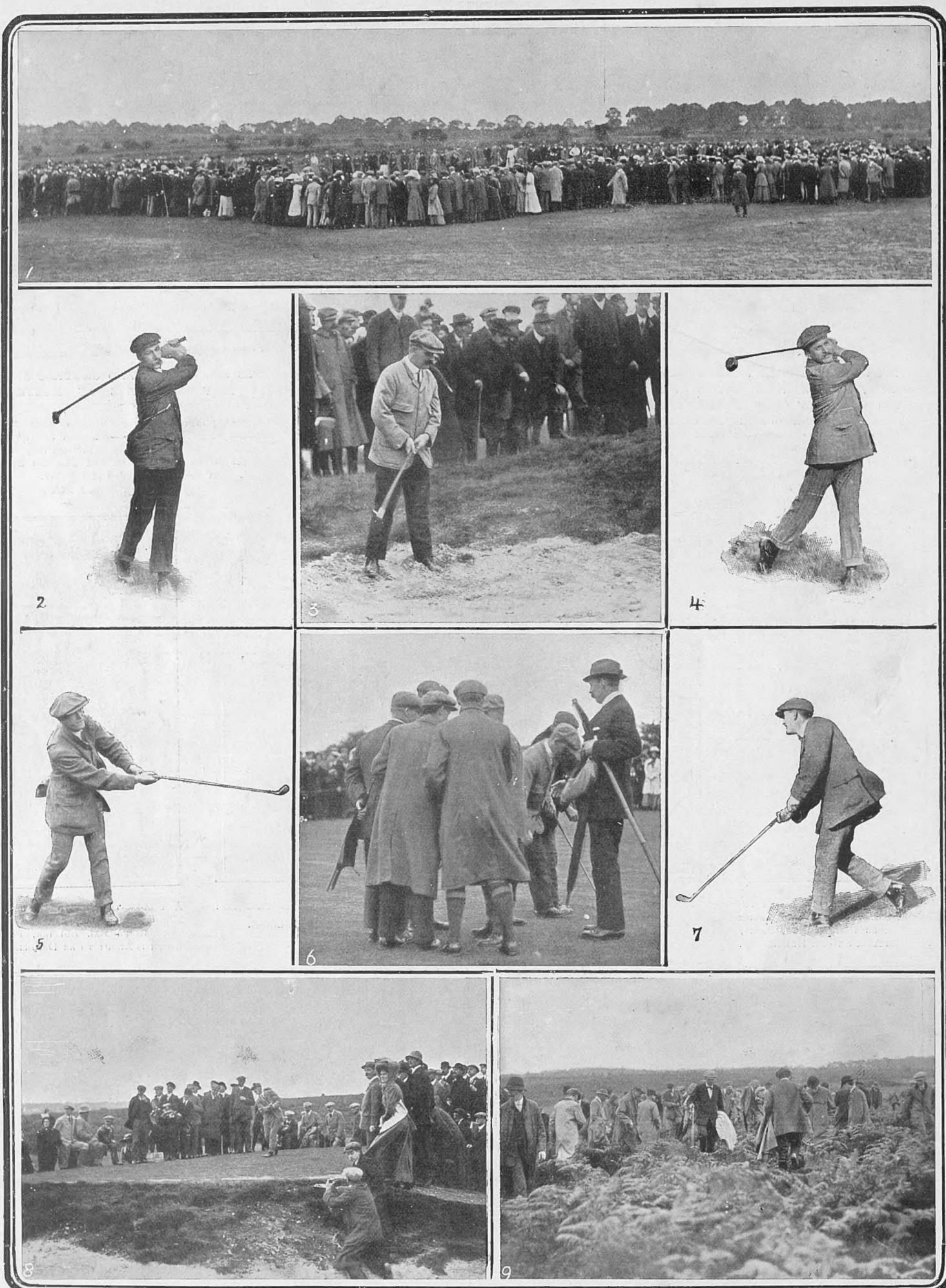
BORN OF THE CRAZE FOR AVIATION: THE "AERONETTE" DANCE, WHICH, IT IS SAID, WILL BE POPULAR THIS SEASON. During the dance those taking part in it imitate the rolling of the aeroplane, the rising of the aeroplane from the ground, its flight, and its landing. It is said that the masters of the Academy of Dancing have given it their approval, and that it will be popular during the coming season.—[Photograph by Topical.]



ROLLING ROUND THE WORLD IN A BARREL: MM. ZINARDI AND VIANELLI IN THEIR MOVING HOME.

MM. Zinardi and Vianelli are making a tour of the world in the barrel shown. They left Venice in June. The barrel is divided into two. One side contains a seat; the other (the one shown in the illustration) a bed. Both bed and seat are mounted on an axis, so that as the tub rolls, seat and bed remain in position.—[Photograph by Branger.]

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW IN OPPOSITION:
THE £240 GOLF TOURNAMENT.



1. SPECTATORS AT THE FOURTH GREEN DURING THE FINAL BETWEEN HERD AND BALL.
2. J. ROWE (ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST), WHO BEAT JAMES BRAID, EX-OPEN CHAMPION, BY 4 AND 3.
3. A DISAPPOINTMENT IN THE FINAL: A. HERD (HUDDERSFIELD), WHO WAS BEATEN IN THE FINAL BY TOM BALL (WEST LANCASHIRE), FAILS WITH HIS BUNKER SHOT BEFORE THE SIXTH GREEN.
4. J. HEPBURN (HOME PARK), WHO BEAT J. H. TAYLOR, OPEN CHAMPION, AT THE TWENTIETH HOLE.

5. TOM BALL, WINNER OF THE TOURNAMENT, DRIVING FROM THE SIXTH TEE IN THE FINAL.
6. BALL BEING CONGRATULATED ON HIS WIN BY BROTHER PROFESSIONALS.
7. BALL APPROACHING THE TENTH GREEN.
8. AMATEURS SEEKING TO LEARN FROM THE PROFESSIONALS: BALL DRIVING FROM THE THIRTEENTH TEE.
9. LOST BALL! SPECTATORS LOOKING FOR HEPBURN'S BALL IN THE FRRNS.

The £240 Golf Tournament was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week at Walton Heath. Once again golfers of the old school met golfers of the new school, with some very interesting results. The final was won by Tom Ball, who beat Herd. Tom Ball, it may be noted, was born at Hoylake in 1882. He is attached to the West Lancashire Golf Club. [Photographs by Sport and General.]

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• BRUMMELL •
IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER
By COSMO HAMILTON

The Troubadour
Spirit.

controllable desire to explore unknown do darin' and original things, go right off the stereotyped rails, and be utterly and absolutely different you. I've gone into it most conscientiously, havin' devoted one whole wet day to the matter. It's very interestin'. I find that the Troubadour Spirit is somethin' that it is impossible to acquire, but that it percolates down through a long line of ancestors, just as gout does, and bowlin' with the left. I find that it is, as it hits us, the last kick of the bad, glad, mad old spirit which carried our old people in their prime into Red-Hot Busts, which made them tilt at windmills, carry off golden-headed, blue-eyed Gehains, put off from peaceful coasts in cockleshells to riddle Armadas, storm the gates of Delhi for two - and - eightpence a day, chuck polo and bridge and do a guy to the Zambesi for a couple of years to find new bugs and lay a bit of red paint on the map, and so forth and so on, accordin' to the man you are and the age you live in. That's what I find, d'y'see. And when you get it, out you must go, then and there. You can't fight it. There's no medicine for it. You must cut engagements, and if it's a question of packin', pack; if not, if it's merely a question of goin' forth as you are, well then you must up and jolly well go forth. Do you follow me?

An Orgy of
Respectability.

You may say,
"Oh, there goes old Bee

again, ridin' the White Horse, talkin' blither by the peck, coverin' harmless pristine pieces of paper with liquid idiocy." All right. Say it. It's a free country, and if we've got no sense of humour or decency we can all get on tubs in the true Winston manner, and be vulgar and horrid by the hour, and fully reported in the papers. But, dear old Bee, poor, dear old Bee takes things dash seriously, and makes epoch-makin' discoveries of things that everybody knows, not as a hobby—oh, bless you, no—but because it's characteristic. And make a note of this. Whatever is characteristic is unpreventable. Make laws as much as you like, draw up sheets of rules till you're black in the face, educate, tone down, choke up, inspire, bully, beseech. None of these things ever prevents the cove born with a kink from doin' just precisely what he wants to do at a given minute. And so on. I know all these things, because *I* was hit by the Troubadour Spirit the other night. I had been lunchin' at a stone club, one of those Perfect Insular Clubs whose vastly distinguished members thrill with horror every time a new member is elected. I was therefore makin' an orgy of respectability. I was, metaphorically, being a drab wall. I was steeped up to the eyes in insularity; more English than the German Jew from South

Africa who buys a house in Park Lane and entertains the Red Book; more ultra than the convert, who invariably suffers frightfully from ultraitis. After a fair to middlin' meal, and uninspired conversation, and a small snooze over the somnambulistic *Spectator* in the silence-room, I walked sedately home, with my hat on very straight and my face rigidly expressionless; and I never felt, I swear to you, more rightly and wholly English in my life, and I'm certain that I never looked it more hopelessly. Once home, I made my way gradually to my dressin'-room, and there saw, as usual, the garb of evenin' respectability spread out in all its black insularity upon the bed. My intention was to bathe in hot water, with a cold spray, change, say a few intimate grave nothings to my man, and go forth again to eat—although not hungry—and devote the remainder of the evenin' to utterly uninspired conversation, or yawn behind my hand over the would-be witticisms of persistently dull-bright columbus in the "late editions."

So-ho-ho and a Screamin' Tie.

Just as I was about, havin' bathed, to get into the glad rags of slavish Metropolitanism, I got it, biff. It pricked me like a pin. I felt as a bottle of ink must feel when somebody pours into it suddenly a glass of Veuve Cliquot, of the right age and vintage. I stood quite still in my bath-wrap—forgive local colour—and trembled and asked myself why, why? I thought deeply and diagnosed sternly. Then I got it. Ah, it was the Troubadour Spirit. I was *not* to get into dress-clothes, *not* to dine beneath the portraits of great respectability. I was to go forth to seek an adventure in an unadventurous town. Yes, it was certain, unpreventable. I must answer to the call, pay the price of ancient birth at all costs. So I got into a wild suit of tweeds, seized a wrong and screamin' tie, pounced upon a bravo hat, and went into the street to be carried wheresoever the spirit listeth, so to speak. And where do you think it carried me? Old dear Bees and gentlemen, it carried me into the unsavoury purlieus of Soho. It swept me into a café known to mixed society as the Rendezvous, which I hereby rechristen La Rencontre. It forced me to dine on eighteenpenny luxuries and sent-out-for wine cheek by jowl with Brixton Bohemians, Gower Street ghouls, West Kensington wickedness, and green-room greatness. And if this wasn't an adventure for me, find one. That's all I've got to say. Find one. It was a charmin' little places, all white and beamed, with a tree in a tub, and tired bananas on a shelf, little tables wedged

together, bourgeois French yelled down a tube, waxed moustaches, Maxim hats, Strand ties, an aroma of the glad spring-onion and tobacco, touchin' twosomes, the quickly arrivin' taxi, expectant English and casual foreigners, a dash of Aldershot with a bold splash of the Regent Street counter, a touch of the minor poet, and a soupçon of the typewriter school, grease-paint, and Lancaster Gate. All, I give you my word, most jolly, and most amusin'. What?



LEARNING TO DODGE MAN'S STUMBLING-BLOCK: TYING AN EVENING-DRESS BOW—HOW IT IS DONE.

The art of tying an evening-dress bow is easy enough when you know how, but it is curious how many men do not know how. For the benefit of those we give this series of illustrations, which shows the tying process in its various stages.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

THE CLUBMAN



The All-Chinese Railway.

capital the completion of their first railway built by Chinese engineers and paid for with Chinese money. It is a big step forward, this Pekin-Kalgan Railway, in the development of

China, and it shows that the Empire of the Dragon is following Japan's example in sucking the brains of foreigners (paying them well during the proceeding), and then making the best use of the knowledge obtained. I knew something of China in the 'eighties, and during the three years I spent in Hong-Kong I made excursions to the Treaty Ports and Pekin, and, of course, to Canton and others of the southern cities of the empire. The China I saw then must be utterly different from the China of to-day. There was not a railway in the land, and many men who thought they knew all there was to know about the Chinese said that there never would be one, for no railway could be made without disturbing the graves scattered everywhere on the hillsides. Only the poor in China are buried in the cemeteries. The rich man buys a little plot of land on some hill-side

whence there is a fine view, for a cultured Chinaman has a great appreciation of the beauties of nature; and there he is buried in a horseshoe-shaped grave, and his descendants come there and do honour to his memory. How this difficulty of the graves has been got over in the making of the lines I know not, but that it has been got over is certain.

THE COOK WHO IS LIKE THE KAISER : DR. COOK, THE FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORER — A PORTRAIT DESIGNED TO SHOW HIS FACIAL RESEMBLANCE TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The foreign-drilled Chinese Cantonese troops will give Braves. a very good account of themselves when China finds herself rich enough and strong enough to fight Russia or Japan for her lost provinces. There never was a finer regiment than the Chinese regiment raised for Wei-Hai-Wei, and China now has in her own service some very fine battalions of Northern Chinese. It rejoices my heart, however, that I knew China in the days when the preliminary examination to become a military Mandarin consisted in shooting three arrows to the satisfaction of the examining Mandarin. One of my most treasured memories is of a review of the flower of the Cantonese army outside the gates of the city. A brown-paper castle, strengthened by bamboo staging, and liberally adorned with vermillion flourishes, had been erected for the braves to attack. The military Mandarin, in full Court costume, arrived in a red-and-gold sedan chair. The attack was commenced by the matchlock men forming a square three deep, the front rank to load, the second rank to support the barrels of the cumbersome weapons, and the third rank to pull the triggers. A gong in the centre of the square gave the time for loading and firing. Two old ship's guns joined in the roar made by the matchlocks. Then the braves, leaping and shouting and looking very terrible in their dresses striped like tigers, advanced to the attack. They pushed their toes and hands through the brown paper, and getting a foot and hand hold on the bamboos, ran like cats up the face of the castle. Then the military Mandarin bowed to the foreigners present with an air which seemed to say,

"See what will happen to you if you go to war with us," re-entered his chair, and was carried off by his score of coolies.



AT PLAY! THE "ZOO'S" NEW SIX-MONTHS-OLD BABY LIONESS AND HER KEEPER.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

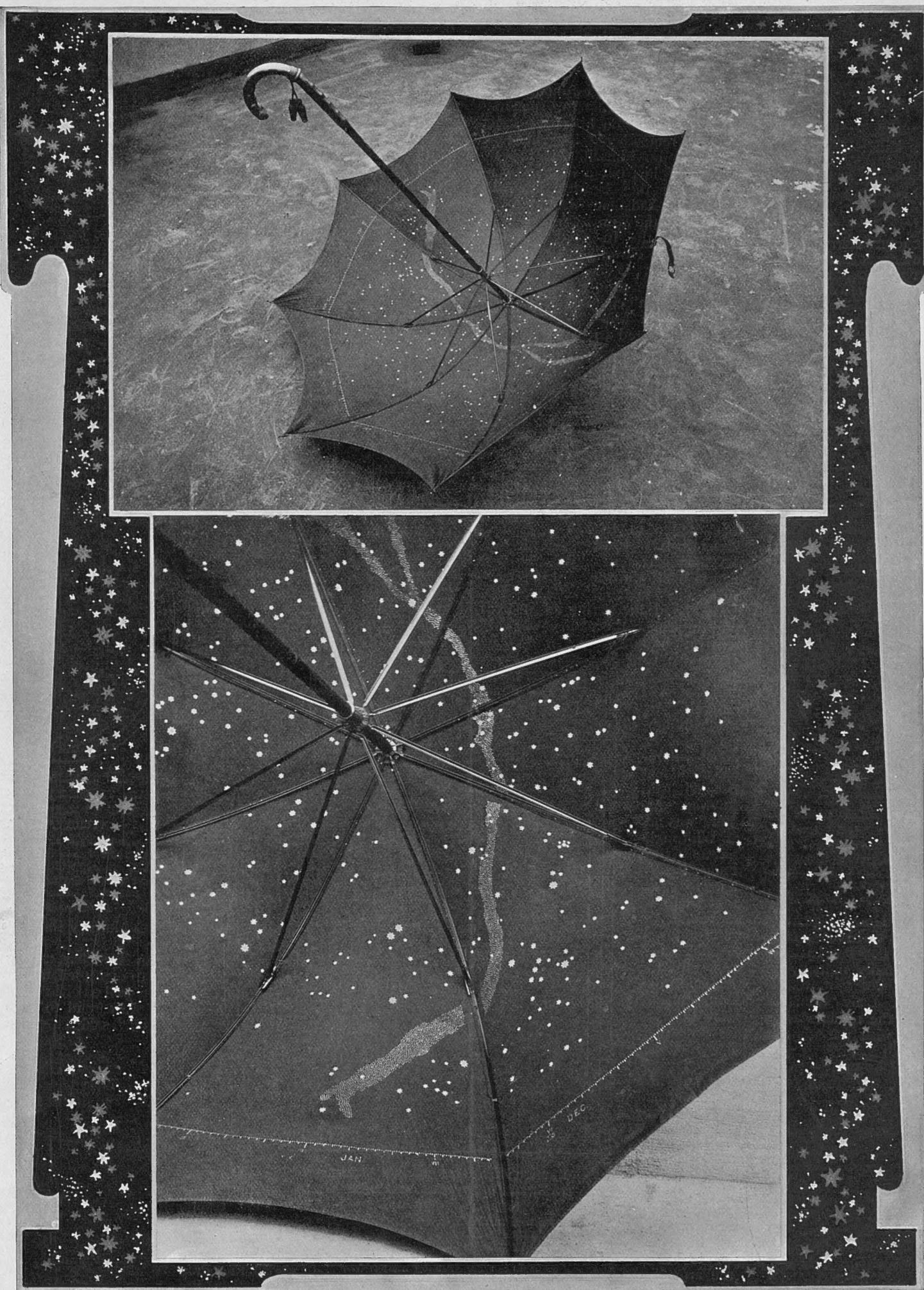


BOBBINA! AN AMERICAN IDEA OF WHAT AN AMERICAN WOMAN "POLICEMAN" WOULD LOOK LIKE.

We show an American idea of the American woman policeman of the future. It will be noted that the good-conduct stripes are worn on the front of the skirt.—[Photograph by G. G. Bain.]

HEAVENS! THE STAR-GAZER'S GAMP.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!"



A BROLLY THE WAR OFFICE MAY USE IN THEIR SCOUTING DEPARTMENT: AN UMBRELLA-MAP OF THE SKY.

As may be seen, the inside of the umbrella forms a map of the heavens. Whether the much-discussed Halley's Comet is marked we cannot say. Already such umbrellas are being used to interest children in astronomy; and already the War Office has invited the inventor, Mr. McEwan, to submit his umbrella for inspection, that they may see whether they think fit to adopt it for teaching purposes in their scouting department.—[Photographs by Half-tones.]



MISS DOROTHY CHETWYND-STAPYLTON, WHOSE WEDDING TO LIEUTENANT W. J. FLETCHER, R.N., IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY). Miss Chetwynd-Stapylton is the second daughter of Mr. Edward Chetwynd-Stapylton, of Larchwood, Weybridge.

Photograph by Gabb.

That agitating portion of the human form divine has had many appellations, and now "Little Mary" seems likely enough to be superseded. "The stomach is a bag," an admonishing official solemnly began to explain to one of the hunger-strikers, who faintly replied, through blanched lips, "Oh, yes — a Gladstone bag!"

Lady Betty's
Lady
Bomb.

Bal-four's letter to the *Times* in favour of the Suffragettes was a little bomb thrown into the enemy's camp. And the dating of it from Whittingehame, the home of the Tory leader, has given rise to nearly as much bother as was caused by Lord Brougham when he dated a political document from Windsor. Anyway, "Arthur" was not at Whittingehame when Lady Betty's missive was sent south to him; he cannot be supposed to have sanctioned or in any way censored it. The Lyttons, male and female, are a family unitedly favourable to the votes for women movement. The imprisonment of Lady Constance Lytton finally decided the rather wavering Lady Betty to espouse with warmth the cause for which her sister had willingly sacrificed her freedom and a penful of her blood.

The Arm of
the Law.

The Suffragette, willingly or unwillingly, as the case may be, suffers the arm of the law to encircle her when she has made her protest, causing the Cabinet Minister to lose the thread of his sentence yet once oftener than he would have done in the ordinary course of things. Very often it is a drab sleeve of the middle-class that surrounds her, very often the blue arm of Robert, but not



MRS. MORLEY (FORMERLY MISS IRENE SILVERTHORNE), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON SATURDAY LAST (9TH).

Mrs. Morley is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Hargreaves Silverthorne, and granddaughter of Major-General Welman.

Photograph by Parker.

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MISS LUCY WILLIS, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. STUART KNILL, SON OF SIR JOHN KNILL, IS ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

SMALL TALK

If the Duke of Northumberland is reproached for spending so little on his cottages, let it be remembered how little he spends on himself. It was no chef of his, but a former occupant of the Alnwick kitchens, whom Gladstone delighted by calling "the Minister of the Interior." Nowadays that is a ready-made title, less for a chef than for a Minister addicted to stomach-pumps.



LIEUTENANT W. J. FLETCHER, R.N., WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS DOROTHY CHETWYND-STAPYLTON IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY). Lieutenant Fletcher is the son of Mr. Lionel Fletcher, of Elmscroft, Maidstone.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Motley Company.

It is not so very long ago that Mr. John Motley, the eminent historian and United States Minister to the Court of St. James, was a guest at Strathfieldsaye. The second Duke of Wellington, during a family consultation before dinner, suggested that the visitor should be ranked as an ordinary guest; but Lady Dorothy Nevill, whose advice was asked, naturally protested that it was quite necessary to give him

precedence, and that he should pass into the dining-room before the other guests. The Duke conceded the point, but muttered something about "brand-new countries

and new-fangled nonsense." Such a state of mind seems incredible in the day of Mr. Whitelaw Reid; and yet only two generations have passed since such a discussion was a possibility. It is Mr. Motley's grandson (Sir William Harcourt married Miss Motley), Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt, M.P., whose engagement to Miss Margery Cunard is announced.

Kn-ill. Sir John Knill has, among other things, to digest a fair portion of matured civic wit, as well as civic catechising and civic soup. "Be careful to keep Cayenne (kn.) near you," said a neighbour at table the other day. "You'll be 'ILL' if you don't."

Give the Duke His Due.

The campaigners against the Dukes have made several stimulating discoveries; but when all is

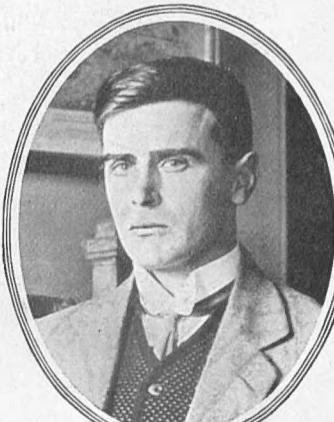
said and done, the scandals they drag forth do not always hold together. But what must be really annoying to their foes is the absence of anything like a rousing ducal scandal. No soberer class can be found in England than the Dukes. There is not a divorced Duke alive. There is not one who is sowing his wild strawberry-leaves.



CAPTAIN MORLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS IRENE SILVERTHORNE TOOK PLACE ON SATURDAY LAST.

It was arranged that the wedding should take place in Westminster Cathedral. Amongst those who accepted invitations to the reception were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk.

Photograph by Parker.



MR. J. STUART KNILL, SON OF THE LORD MAYOR ELECT OF LONDON, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MISS LUCY WILLIS IS ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MRS. HARRY ATHERTON BROWN (FORMERLY MISS IDA HARBORD), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Mrs. Harry Atherton Brown is the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Ralph Harbord, and a granddaughter of the third Baron Suffield. —*Photograph by Lafayette.*

THE ONLY PRINCESS WHO IS A PROFESSIONAL ACTRESS.



TO APPEAR AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE: PRINCESS BARIATINSKY (MME. LYDIA YAWORSKAIA).

Princess Bariatinsky, who is to appear at a series of matinées at the Afternoon Theatre (His Majesty's), is known professionally as Mme. Lydia Yaworskaia. She has earned considerable fame as an actress. Originally she wished to enter the medical profession, but circumstances turned her attention to the stage, and she entered the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. Her professional débüt was made in 1894, at the Théâtre Littéraire. Later still, she established Le Nouveau Théâtre. She is the daughter of a Russian General. Her husband, Prince Bariatinsky, is a playwright of repute, and is the author of eleven works. His brother, it is interesting to note, married the daughter of Alexander II. The Princess will make her first appearance in London on the 30th of next month, in "La Dame aux Camélias." The drawing which is the chief feature of this page is by Prince Troubetzkoi. The two top photographs show Princess Bariatinsky in "The Dream of Life." The two bottom photographs show her in "Sapho."

Photographs by Boissonnas and Eggler.



MAJOR LAWRENCE WILLIAMS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS WILLIAMS TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Major Williams' bride is his cousin.

Photograph by Lafayette.

pomp and circumstance. Even his accession to the throne. But the King was always interested in cabs and "cabbies," as representing one phase of the multitudinous life of this Metropolis, and it was he who long ago discovered the natural enemy of the cabman. You can leave, he pointed out, a purse of sovereigns in a hansom, and it will be returned to you, via Scotland Yard; but leave an umbrella, and it drops into the abyss of the unknown, the reason being that, if a man carries an umbrella and it rains, he probably does not hail a hansom.

The Host and the Groom. Sir Archibald Edmonstone, in making a quick change from the King's host to the King's Groom-in-Waiting, becomes in a sense during his present term of duty a bachelor. All those who have had the opportunity

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE KING'S observant eye, when last in London, was quick to catch the sight of a flag never before hoisted in his capital. The red standard of the sixpenny fare does not, however, bring the luxury of the hansom-cab nearer to his Majesty, for the royal objection to this attractive form of locomotion has nothing to do with the Privy Purse. It is too casual and, one might say, convenient a way of getting about for one who must, even in his private moments, maintain a sort of suppressed

Cakes and ale, then, would be the appropriate fare for the breakfast at Lady Margaret Sackville's forthcoming wedding in Edinburgh, and while the salt may be omitted, the Sellar is quite necessary for the feast. Historic Buckhurst, and not the historic Knole, which is now the centrepiece of much impending litigation, is the estate with which the Lady Margaret of to-day has been most associated. And now, as if to point the finger at the vanity of human endeavour which has built up splendid habitations for her people, Lady Margaret and her fiancé look forward to nothing with so much pleasure as love in a cottage in a purlieu of London.



MRS. LAWRENCE WILLIAMS (FORMERLY MISS WILLIAMS), WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MAJOR L. WILLIAMS TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Mrs. Williams is a daughter of the late Sir W. G. Williams, Bt., of Bodewyddan, Flintshire.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



Photograph by Russell.

CAPTAIN COLIN MCRAE, EXON OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, AND LADY MARGARET CRICHTON-STUART, ONLY SISTER OF LORD BUTE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, who is engaged to Captain Colin McRae, Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard, is Lord Bute's only sister. She is not very fond of London gaieties, but is much happier either in her garden or yachting. She has taken the Board of Trade A.B. certificate, and she always sails her own boats at Cowes and other regattas. She is an excellent linguist. Her father, the late Lord Bute, who was devoted to her, left her some valuable property in Jerusalem. At her birth he presented her with a wonderful silver statue of St. Margaret crowned with diamonds.



Photograph by Langfier.

Egyptian-like Father, Egyptian-like Daughter. Egypt has been decided on as the objective of the honeymoon after another interesting Edinburgh ceremony, the marriage of Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart and Captain McRae. Palestine would have been the guess of many of Lady Margaret's friends. There she has a property, and thitherward her affections and interests fly, for she has inherited more than material things from the late Marquess of Bute. In her love of travel, and of travel to the Holy Land in particular, and of the study of liturgies, she resembles her father much more closely than does her brother, the present Marquess.



MRS. RAFFALOVITCH (FORMERLY MISS CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD), TRAVELLER AND AUTHOR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Miss Charlotte Mansfield, the plucky author who travelled 16,782 miles through the heart of savage Africa, was married last week to Mr. Raffalovitch, a mining engineer of Johannesburg. The bride took her journey alone, and yet suffered no molestation; her object was chiefly to investigate the position of women and the problem of the unemployed in Africa. Certainly her exploit required no small courage.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

of appraising Lady Edmonstone's talents for society will condone with Sir Archibald in so far as his groom's duties deprive him of the company and assistance of the hostess of Duntreath Castle. Lady Edmonstone is a grand-daughter of Mme. de Falbe, whose genius for entertaining was sufficient to endow a whole generation of granddaughters. Sir Archibald, who had sisters to the number of eight (and one of them Mrs. George Keppel), has for offspring only sons—quite against the traditions of a family famous for its womenfolk.

Cottage Lovers. Three hundred years ago a little Lady Margaret Sackville was drinking ale at Knole, as a chance record informs us, and when she fell sick of the ague her only physic was a salt powder added to her beer.

A Walk Following the precedent of Philip and Mary. Mr. Samuel Hoare and Lady Maud Lygon will, they have informed their friends, walk up the church together before Saturday's ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. So the best man becomes a dummy and the giver-away a delusion! There will be a great gathering of the High Church clan for the occasion. The bridegroom, bearing an "Evangelical" name, enters into a stronghold of English Catholicism, and is in touch with that most charming missionary of Mayfair, Lady Grosvenor, and with her daughter, and her daughter's husband, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury. Lord and Lady Beauchamp have returned, for Saturday's wedding, from the Isle of Wight, where they have been staying with Princess Henry of Battenberg.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN RALPH VERNY, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE: MISS NITA WALKER, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR AND MRS. J. T. WALKER, OF SYDNEY.

Australia is greatly interested in the engagement of Miss Nita Walker, daughter of Senator and Mrs. J. T. Walker, of Sydney, to Captain Ralph Verney, of the Rifle Brigade. The bride's parents are very well known and popular in New South Wales, and they will not be parted from their daughter, because, as it happens, the bridegroom is A.D.C. to the Governor. It is understood that the marriage will take place in November.

Photograph by H. W. Barnett.

WHERE THE SITTERS STAND: THE MODEL-MARKET IN PARIS.



WHERE ARTISTS FIND THEIR SAINTS AND THEIR SINNERS, THEIR MADONNAS AND THEIR MONKS:
MODELS IN THE MODEL-MARKET OF PARIS.

The model-market is a well-known institution of Paris, and it is to the Place Pigalle that many artists go when they would seek out models to sit to them. In the "Marche aux Modeles," waiting for possible employment, gather many models of both sexes and of all ages. Typical scenes in the market and some typical models are here shown.

Photographs by P. Géniaux.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E.F.S. (*Monocle*)

The Débâcle in Theatredom.

The new season has not started very cheerily. The optimists are disappointed; those who fancied that what they regarded as the malign influence of "the advanced dramatists" is fading are vexed. By-the-bye, who invented that precious term "advanced dramatists," which was used so much during the sittings of the Censorship Committee, and treated, apparently, by some members of it as a term of reproach? It was flung at everybody whose plays did not please the Censor, just as the term Socialist is employed in politics for everything disagreeable to our splendid paupers the destitute Dukes. And who is the, probably undiscoverable, inventor of the proverb about giving a dog a bad name? It is one of the few universal truths. Since the First of August, which is generally marked as the beginning of the new season, the fashionable playhouses have presented eighteen new entertainments, of which five are already dead or dying, and there are rumours which I dare not repeat about some of the others.

"Mid-Channel." Pride of place amongst the quintet is to be accorded to "Mid-Channel," which has reached what may be called the statutory period of fifty performances. But what are fifty performances for a Pinero play? One would have thought that the author's name to anything would have produced more than this. The serious critic—I wonder who he is—will be able to explain the mystery; may succeed in telling us why this powerful, grim, well-acted comedy has failed to "catch on." I daresay he will talk gravely about putting new truths into old formulæ, or new wine into old bottles, and explain that Sir Arthur, though he did much to render the progress of "the advanced dramatists" possible, has not kept pace with them. The more frivolous will have some explanation connected with the acting, or, rather, with the players. Of course I offer no explanations, or, if I were to offer one, it would only be after the fashion of the fascinating Mrs. Erlynne, whom Miss Marion Terry represented delightfully at the St. James's in "Lady Windermere's Fan"; and this causes me to pause and ask by what freak of our theatres it happens that we have seen so little lately of this brilliant and accomplished actress, whose place no one on our boards can fill?

Some of the Others. The others of the five that have not caused a severe pressure upon "the front of the house" include "The Pin and the Pudding," which I did not see, and therefore, if the opinion of my brother critics is to be relied upon, my "state is the more gracious." It seems to have been one of the curious little efforts to set the clock back that we see from time to time in the playhouses. The fact that "A Sense of Humour" only ran about five weeks is puzzling and regrettable, since it was a clever and amusing comedy, with plenty of nice strokes of character; but I noticed that several of the critics used the deadly word "thin"—generally a euphemism for threadbare. Perhaps I have a peculiar taste; certainly to me the really clever

play in which, to use the Pickwick skating-pond phrase, the pot is kept a-boiling is all the more interesting if the subject is slight, provided, of course, that it really is kept a-boiling; and in my opinion, "A Sense of Humour" succeeded in maintaining the necessary temperature from beginning to end. Probably it was not expected

that "King Lear" would reach the success of "Charley's Aunt," and yet it was not much to hope that a beautiful production of this, which some of the critics have deemed the greatest of all dramas, would have had a longer run. Yet, having regard to the nature of the subject and its treatment, it may be said with all respect to Mr. Norman McKinnel's admirable performance that "King Lear" will never enjoy a long run in London unless the name-part is presented by an actor of amazing genius. This statement seems to involve a criticism of the author, for it is scarcely a paradox to assert that an acting play can hardly be great which is unsatisfactory unless represented by players of genius. In reality, the observation, which I think is consistent with the prodigious praise lavished by great critics upon the tragedy, is really directed to the fact that, although Shakespeare was a great craftsman as dramatist, yet

chose the wrong medium for

IS SHE TO MARRY M. CLAUDE CASIMIR-PERIER, SON OF THE FORMER FRENCH PRESIDENT? MME. SIMONE BENDA (MME. SIMONE LE BARGY).

It will be recalled that Mme. Simone Benda was Mme. Simone le Bargy. It is thought that she is to marry M. Claude Casimir-Perier, son of the former President of the French Republic.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

in his most important dramas he expressing himself.

The Explanation. There seems to be no explanation of the present state of affairs unless it be the general state of unrest in Theatredom, partly caused, it may be, by the uncertainty as to the Censorship Committee's report, and what will come of it. There have already been confident statements as to the views of the Committee—without any foundation. Will it be a farce, a comedy, or a tragedy to those who think that the Censor is an impediment to the development of our drama? For it may result in strengthening the hands of Mr. Redford and merely giving an appeal which, as graphically described by one witness, would only be the substitution of three devils for one. Personally, I think it is clear—and was, indeed, before the Committee began its work—that no great change will be recommended except so far as the one-license point is concerned. Even such an illogical people as we can hardly endure such a big anomaly after it has been made clearly manifest. Yet it may be doubted whether the one-license point will be dealt with by Parliament, for there is small likelihood of that institution abandoning its Kilkenny cat games to deal with questions which, to many of the members, will seem of little importance compared with the purely political questions that involve the struggle for life of politicians. The matter is between horns or in a nutshell: if the report recommends anything seriously repugnant to the views of the pro- or the anti-Censorites the party affected will find friends enough in the House to put up a fight strong enough to cause the Bill to be shelved, shelved till the happy time comes of a session

MAKER OF A SUCCESS IN "SMITH," AT THE COMEDY,

MISS EDYTH LATIMER AS EMILY CHAPMAN.

Photograph by Bassano.

devoted to unsensational matters. And before that happy time arrives the Education Bill, and the Suffragette question, and the Irish question, and a host of others must have been settled. And I shall not live long enough to see such a blissful state of things.

Moosic! Singing to the Cows.

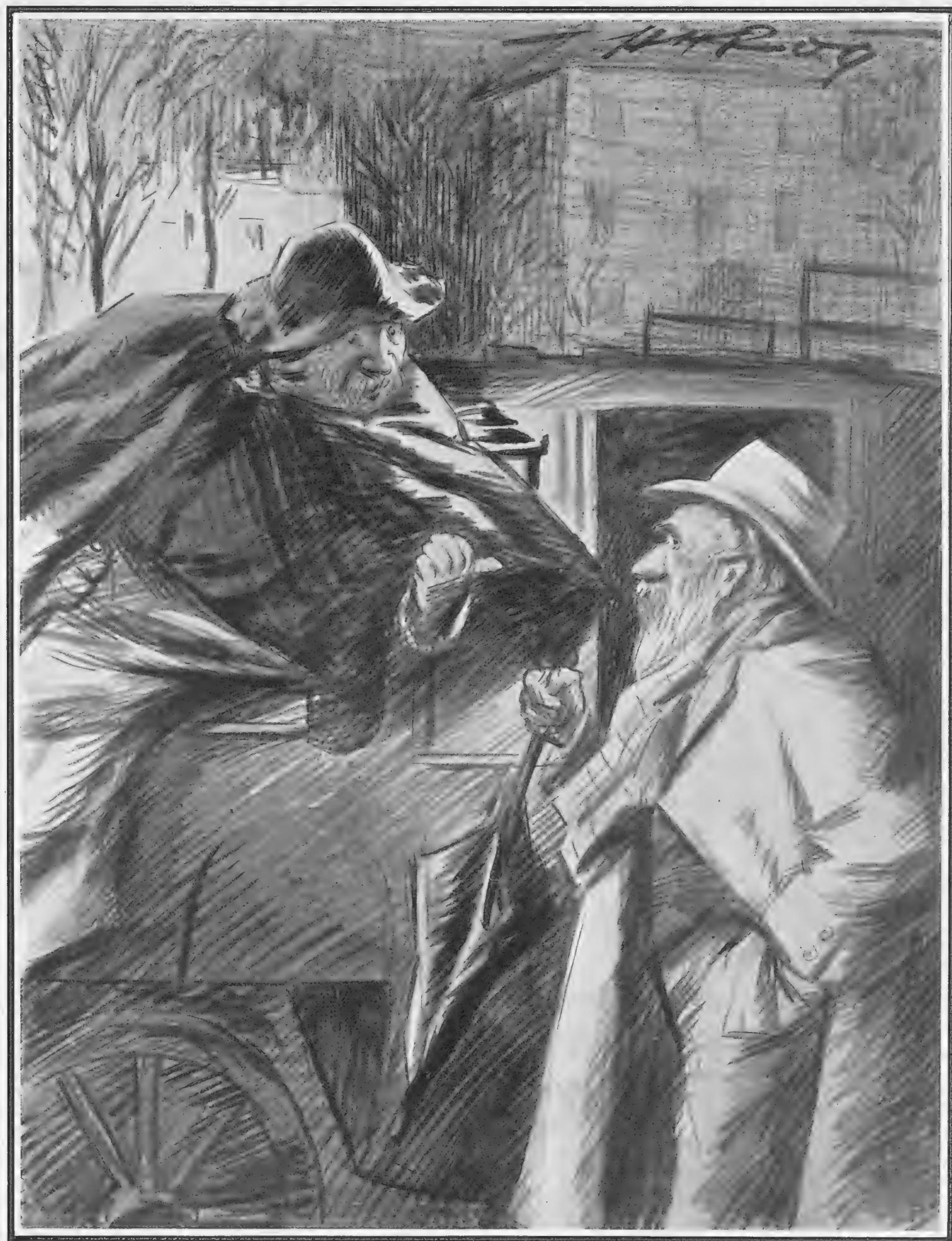


MUSIC MAKETH MILK! SINGING AND PLAYING TO COWS AT MILKING-TIME, THAT THE YIELD OF GOOD MILK MAY BE INCREASED.

Mrs. Ada F. Howie, who owns and runs a dairy-farm in Wisconsin, declares that by playing and singing to her cows she gets a supply of milk that is one third greater than that she got before. "Every cow in her herd—and they are all pure-bred Jerseys—hears at least one tune at milking-time. A favourite with them is 'In the Gloaming.' The result of playing this soothing tune to one of the cows has been to increase her yield of milk by one third. Most of the younger cows show a liking for 'Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?' One youthful cow was inspired to give more milk by the Toreador's Song from 'Carmen'; but, as a rule, this is not a success, and arouses irritation in the animals. When it is time for the cows to come home in the evening, Mrs. Howie or her assistants play 'Coming Thro' the Rye,' and this is usually followed by 'I'm Going a-Milking, Sir, She Said.' 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By' is a popular favourite, and 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes' is appreciated. All the songs are played by Mrs. Howie or her assistants upon a single violin or mandoline."—[Photograph by H. J. Shepstone.]

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TANNER CAB TOPICS.



THE FARE: But, my good man, it's barely a mile as the crow flies.

CABBY: That ain't nothin' ter go by. This 'ere's a cab, not a bloomin' airyplane.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Sir Walter
Raleigh—Golfer.
Raleigh," must often have been reminded of a golfing incident which happened when he was acting "Robin Hood" out of

London. When time permitted he always had a game. One day, when in Dublin, two ladies and two gentlemen, after playing a foursome, had stopped for lunch, and noticed Mr. Waller approaching the ninth green, which on that course was quite close to the club house. Mr. Waller made a good iron shot and laid the ball on the edge of the green. Then his partner overran the hole, but lay close to it. Mr. Waller putted. The ball lipped the hole and came out again. What happened after that can be left to the imagination, for it is of no consequence so far as the story goes. That evening, the foursome party, who had been spectators of the incident, went to see "Robin Hood." At the end of the passionate love scene in the last act, one

A WHIRLWIND DANCER: Mlle. ANNETTE SOUSLOFF, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

of the ladies leant forward across her companion and whispered to her husband. "What is it?" he asked, as he failed to catch her remark. A far-off look came into her eyes, and in a tone of sorrow she exclaimed, "Fancy that man missing a two-foot putt!"

Daughters of Eve,

But not Sisters. are lines which used to be spoken in "The Two Roses" by the late Sir Henry Irving, and have since been spoken by Mr.

H. B. Irving when playing his father's famous part of Digby Grant. If they do not point a moral they adorn the tale of the curious mistakes of identity playgoers so often make with regard to players. This time their application is to the beautiful Miss Gladys Cooper, whose portrait appeared in *The Sketch* a couple of weeks ago. On the first night of "The Dollar Princess," at Daly's, in which she plays the part of Sadie Von Tromp, someone sitting immediately behind her mother turned to her neighbour and said, "She is Gabrielle Ray's sister, you know." The friend did not know it; nor did Mrs. Cooper.

A Fillip That there are many people on Theatre. The stage, but very few actors, is a fact which has been commented on by some people, and noticed by more. Many attempts have been made to alter this, and various schools for teaching acting have been founded and

maintained with more or less success. It has long been realised, however, that, admirable as these schools may be, they only supply part of the student's need, for it is on the real stage, before a real audience, that he gets that practice in portraying emotion which makes him a master of his art and teaches him how to conceal its artifice. In other words, the actor needs the collaboration of his audience to produce his effect—in just the same way as the author needs the collaboration of the actor to produce his results. Miss Rosina Filippi, who holds a foremost place on the stage in her own particular line, and has long devoted her leisure to teaching would-be actors the technique of the stage, has realised the practical need for such a theatre, and is bending every effort to make it an accomplished fact. She believes that it is possible to find among the public enough enthusiasts to guarantee her £20,000, which would enable her to found what, with characteristic optimism, she has already christened "the Little Green Theatre." In that theatre the students would learn everything connected with playhouse work—how to make and paint scenery and shift it, everything about lighting, prompting, and so on, while the ladies would be taught dressmaking and the other practical work of the theatre, including the selling of programmes, though the last, if one may judge by the financial results which they achieve at charitable performances, comes naturally to them. The performances would be given twice a day, and the students would at first play small parts, then advance to better ones, until probably, in time, they would be able to take the leading characters, although at first these would, of necessity, have to be played by more efficient actors. Miss Filippi believes that the public will flock to see these young people play, attracted by the very novelty of their youth and inexperience, and thus repeat what happens at certain theatres in Paris, where the chief prize-winners of the Conservatoire even have the right to demand an appearance in a leading part. Whether the British public, which is so essentially different in its characteristics from the French public, will do this is a question which only time can answer. It is never safe to prophesy unless one knows, and Miss Filippi's scheme is so inter-



A FAIR PLAYER IN "OUR MISS GIBBS": MISS JESSIE FRASER, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



A BASKETFUL OF SONG AND DANCE: FOUR OF THE PALACE GIRLS WHO ARE APPEARING IN PARIS.

The Palace Girls are appearing in Paris, and are as popular there as they are in London.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

esting in itself, so full of advantage for the British stage, that it will be matter for congratulation if she succeeds in making "The Little Green Theatre" an accomplished fact.

FLYING — IN DIVERS' MANNERS.



HIS FRIEND: Hello, old man. So you've taken it up too, have you?

THE INVENTOR (*owner of a flying-machine that will not fly*): On the contrary!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Criticism and
Humour.

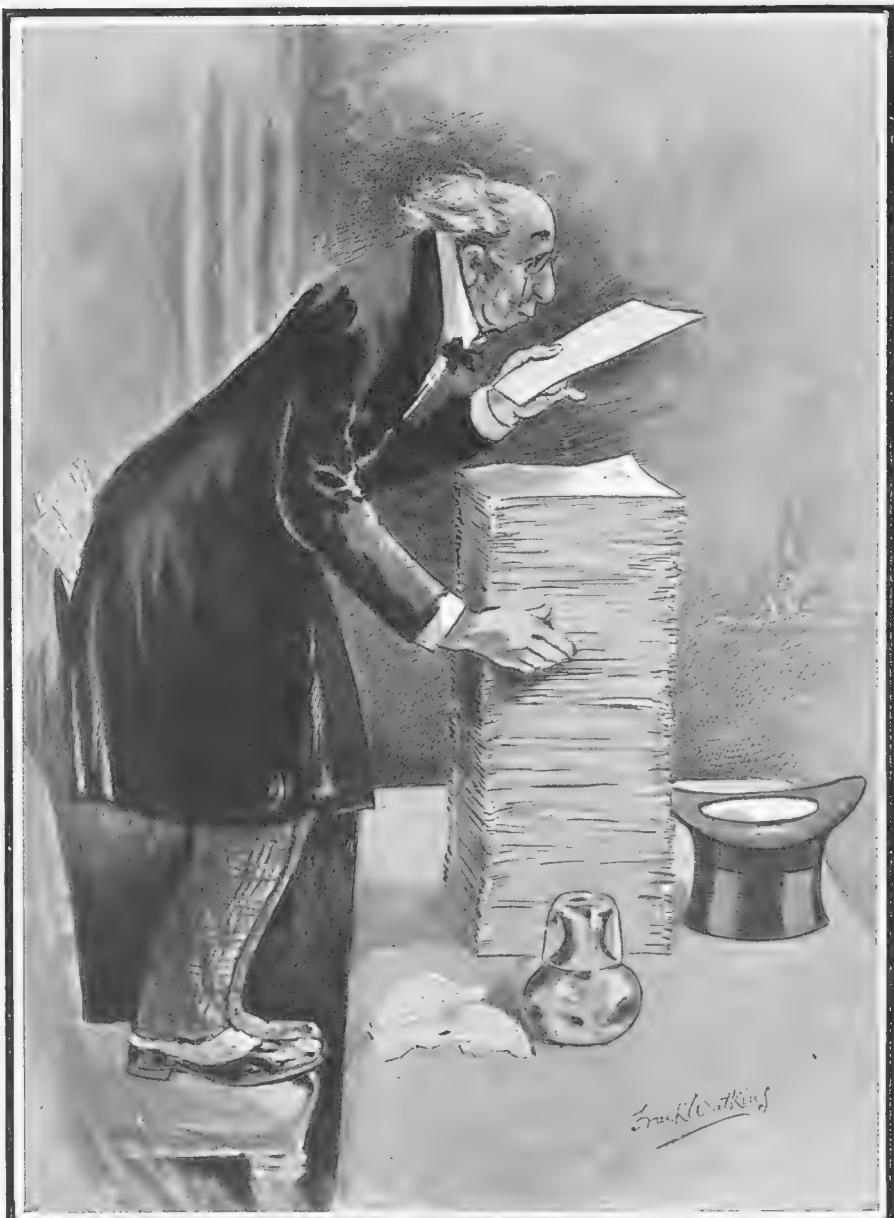
I said last week I was on the point of reading Lady Cardigan's "Recollections." Since I made that remark there has been a good deal of noise about them, though not *quite* so much noise as an article I read somewhere made out. That was an article to rejoice a publisher's heart, truly. It said that no one spoke of anything else, and that men in the clubs were fiercely divided into Cardiganites, or Cardiganians, or whatever the word was, and anti-ditto. My club, anyhow, has remained quite calm, and I have heard several other subjects in other societies. The point at issue, I suppose, is the indiscretion of the volume. Well, as to that, I am afraid there can hardly be an issue: the public, after all, is not an intimate friend, who may be trusted not to repeat things; and there are some things which cannot be said to it as though it were. At the same time, I really cannot lecture a lady of eighty-four on a point of propriety: there would seem to be a lack of humour about that, somehow: if a lady so much my senior chooses to tell me things I think I have no right to hear, I listen with respectful surprise—I really cannot rush shrieking from the room. A critic may be right in pointing out that it was a pity, possibly, to hurt the feelings of people's descendants in one or two instances; but to mount the high horse of indignant rebuke—well, I confess I should feel too uncomfortable on it. Moreover, there seems to me something ungrateful, when one has been much amused and is still chuckling, as it were, in turning round and rending the provider of one's amusement. I fear I am not much good as a Rhadamanthus.

Lady Cardigan's Amusing Book—

undoubtedly is. Some of the stories in it are extremely diverting, and there is one horrible one which I shall not forget for many a day—and I confess I like sensations. I confess also—I am confessing quite a lot, but then it is only about myself—that I was a little maliciously pleased to find a spoke in the wheel of the dear people who are always telling us that this generation has declined so dreadfully from the simplicity and virtue prevalent in the middle of the last century. If the manners described by Lady Cardigan are at all typical, the present race of sinners may take comfort. I have always been rather suspicious of the intense purity of that earlier time. Trivialities are exaggerated in disfavour of the present time: it is not more vicious, for example, to dine in a restaurant than in a private house—though it is much less comfortable. Our modern society may be more vulgar, since that sort of thing does change quickly sometimes, but that in fifty years the same sort of society can make much change in its morals (in the ordinary sense) is a very dubious proposition indeed. However, I will admit that Lady Cardigan's picture may not be quite typical even of "the fair adulterous world," as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt calls it. And of Lady Cardigan and her Recollections, let so much have been said.

And Mr. Granville Barker's.

I hope I shall not be trespassing on any other contributor's province if I say a word of Mr. Granville Barker's "Three Plays" as a book to be read. Do they read as well as or better than they acted? In an honoured formula, yes and no. We are not accustomed on our stage to abstract discussions, and consequently our attention is apt to stray from them if they are lengthy; unless they are done with more of the epigrammatic manner than Mr. Barker uses. So there are passages of ethics and politics in "The Voysey Inheritance," and still more in "Waste," which are readable on account of their intelligence, but which were just the least bit tedious on the stage. On the other hand, some of the characters call for the visible presence of clever actors—Cyril Horsham, for instance, in "Waste"—and, above all, that incomparably delightful ass, Booth Voysey. I can still hear his rich voice orating before the fire and demanding the Ramon Allones. When I saw "The Voysey Inheritance," I thought it a most wonderful *tour de force* of cleverness to interest one keenly through four acts in the ordinary domestic procedure of an ordinary family, and in the unfortunately too ordinary misdemeanours of a lawyer's office; and I was almost sorry I was not a dramatic critic, to proclaim how good it was. I thought it the most interesting new play I had seen. Now that I have read it, I am even more impressed than before by the knowledge of character it possesses, partly, no doubt, because Mr. Barker, like Mr. Shaw, discourses freely in his stage directions. Such discourses are, doubtless, irrelevant to the merits of the acting play, except in so far as they inspire the players, but they greatly improve it as a thing to read. The character of old Voysey, the solicitor who embezzles his clients' money, and has persuaded himself that he is a fine genius with a "great work" and so forth, is



[DRAWN BY FRANK WATKINS.]

AS IT EVER SHALL BE!

THE ORATOR (raising the first page of his mound of notes): Ladies and gentlemen, if I had for one moment dreamt that I should be called upon to speak to you this evening—

wonderfully well observed. So is the egregious Booth Voysey, a triumphant example of the self-satisfied, pompous noodle, who keeps his exasperated relatives in subjection by sheer vitality and noise. And old George Booth, less noisily but more viciously self-satisfied, the man who makes a vast merit of living within the large income he has not earned, and gives to charities without an atom of charity in his nature—that is a type one knows well, and likes to see thoroughly exposed. I do not give the play my valuable approval without any exception: there are a few bits of dialogue which show the too self-conscious innovator; but, take it as a whole, I still think it the best modern English play I know, and I recommend it heartily for reading. Of "Waste" I think somewhat less, though the informal Cabinet Council reads as naturally as it acted, because Mr. Barker, unlike most dramatists who write about politics, realises that politicians are ordinary men. But I still cannot believe that the hero was the kind of man to destroy his highly appreciated self. Of "The Marrying of Anne Leete" I think far less, and, since my space is up, will say nothing.

N. O. I.

A BAD SHOT.



THE ARTIST: I do believe some horrid boy is throwing stones.

DRAWN BY TREYER EVANS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE OTHER SENSE.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

Oct. 21, 1895.

I.

THEY have told me to-day, with obvious reluctance, and in the kindest fashion, that I am to go to-morrow to the house of a Dr. Schreiber, in whose care I am to remain until I am restored to health. Restored to health!—my God! I am as healthy a lad of nineteen (I believe) as anyone would wish to meet; certainly, I have no recollection of any illness beyond a dose of measles when I was seven, and a very slight touch of scarlet fever a few years ago. Restored to health!—no, that is merely their kind way of putting it. What they really mean is—I am to go and live with this Dr. Schreiber, whoever he may be, until he, and they, and the doctors whom they have brought to see me so often lately, think I am—*sane*.

That, of course, is the real truth. I have often wondered, as I have grown up out of my lonely childhood towards manhood, how strange it is that what seems so easy to the child about truth-telling seems so difficult to the man—now I am beginning to understand. All the same, it would have been much more to my taste if my guardian and his wife had said to me, “Angus, we’re very, very sorry, but the doctors and ourselves don’t think everything is as it should be with your intellect, and Dr. Schreiber is a famous mental specialist, and”—so on.

But then—equally of course—they couldn’t have said that to me if they really believe that I am mad. And they do. I know—I have seen them, not once, but a thousand times since I came here to London from Alt-na-Shiel two years ago (when shall I see it again, and the mists on the mountains!) watching me as country folk watch the freaks at a fair. There is a puzzled look which comes into their faces; their brows knit, and their lips are slowly compressed, or pursed up, and—if they think I do not see them—they look at each other and shake their heads and sigh.

I cannot think of more than three things which should make them believe me mad. One is that I am very fond of solitude, liking to be left to myself as much as I can. Another is that I think a great deal—just as I read a great deal—and that I sometimes frown at my thoughts, sometimes smile at them, sometimes laugh long and loud at them. Perhaps, when Major Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy and I are alone after dinner, he reading the *Times*, and she busied with her knitting, behaviour of this sort on my part may seem strange—it is only now occurring to me that it may. Certainly I have seen the Major drop his newspaper and jump—literally jump—in his armchair, when, thinking of something that amused me, I have indulged in a sudden peal of laughter; yet, why should one not laugh whenever one sees or thinks of something to laugh at? But I have found that a great many of the people whom I have met in London only laugh when a sort of signal is given.

These are two reasons. The only other reason I can think of is that I have told them once or twice—just as I told the doctors whom they have at times brought to see me—that I can *see* things which, I find out, most other people do not or cannot see. The first time I told them, for instance, of the spirit which I have seen a score or so of times at Alt-na-Shiel, they stared at me as if I were telling them lies, and they both looked curiously uncomfortable. Now, my old nurse, Margaret Lang, never looked uncomfortable when I told her of these things, neither did Dugald Graeme, my father’s old body-servant. They seemed to realise and to understand my meaning—that I could *see*.

I have gone on *seeing* ever since—now, usually, at long intervals. When I was seventeen my father died, and it was found that Major Kennedy, a distant connection, was to be my guardian, and that I was to live with him until my twenty-first year. That is why I am now writing this in my journal in my own room in Major Kennedy’s house in Bayswater—and why I am to-morrow to take up my residence with Dr. Schreiber at Wimbledon Common. Possibly I am writing it because, for anything I know, this may be my last day of complete liberty. I do not know what the rules are in these private mad-houses—if this to which I am going is such a place.

If I may speak frankly to myself in these pages, I must say that I cannot see why I should be considered at all mentally afflicted. I am, as things go, fairly well educated; fond as I am of solitude, I am fond of games, especially of football, golf, and tennis; I am certainly very strong in body, and of rude health. And as for my appetite . . .

However, they say I suffer from occasional delusions: We shall see.

II.

Oct. 23.—I came here—to Dr. Schreiber’s house—yesterday afternoon—accompanied by Dr. Wilkinson.

Dr. Schreiber came out to meet us. He is a youngish man—perhaps

thirty-five, perhaps forty—tall, muscular, broad-shouldered, bronzed, cheery. I should have taken him for one of the sweller sort of professional cricketers, rather than for what I was led to believe him—a private mad-house keeper. He welcomed me in a very friendly way, and after Dr. Wilkinson had gone, volunteered to show me round the house and grounds. I was somewhat astonished to find no one about, except servants in the house and a gardener sweeping up fallen leaves on the lawn.

“Where, Sir,” I asked, “are the rest of us?”

“The rest of whom?” he inquired, looking surprised.

“The rest of your other mad folk,” I answered. “I am sent here because they think me mad.”

He laughed—burst, rather, into laughter—and slapped my shoulder.

“Oh, hang all that, old chap!” he said. “There’s no one here but you, myself, my assistant, Pollard—who’s a real good sort—and the servants. You’re as free as air here, and if I don’t give you a first-class time it won’t be my fault.”

Later we fell to talking about golf. To-day, after he had been to visit his patients—he seems to have a pretty extensive practice—we managed to get a full round in before dusk came on. He beat me by two up and one to play.

III.

Oct. 27.—I have been very happy here so far—much happier, I believe—nay, am sure, than I have ever been since I left Alt-na-Shiel. Life is very pleasant in this house, and with Dr. Schreiber. He is very different, I think, to all other men I have ever met. I have been with him frequently to visit some of his poorer patients—it seems to me that he *laughs* them out of their complaints. I do not mean that he *laughs at* them, but that his cheeriness is infectious, and lifts them out of themselves. He is certainly a great man—a big *human*.

Last night, after dinner, he and I were playing billiards, and somehow—I do not know how—we reached the question of what those other people call my delusions. We sat down—this was the first time I had ever spoken of it to him—and I told him of some things which I had seen, especially of the ghost (if it is a ghost) of the parish clerk of Ardnashonach. Instead of looking as if he could scarcely believe his ears (as Major Kennedy looks), or shaking his head (as Dr. Wilkinson did) he listened most intently and asked me a lot of questions. Not questions about myself, which is what I detest, but sensible questions.

“And they aren’t delusions, you know,” I said at the end; “I have seen these things. *Seen* them! You believe me?”

“Yes,” he said, “I do. Look here, if you ever see anything while you’re here, just come that minute and tell me. Now then, we’ve time for another hundred before bed.”

IV.

Nov. 4.—I have been examining this old house inside and out with some interest, since Dr. Schreiber told me, a day or two ago, that it was once (a century or more ago) the residence of a famous statesman. It is, I think, early Georgian, and has the most delightful rooms, many of which are panelled in oak to a considerable height. There is one, now used as a dining-room, but formerly the library, which attracts me more than all the rest. It has four high narrow windows overlooking the garden, and with its quaint old oak furniture (which Dr. Schreiber took over from his predecessor in the practice, a man named Turrell, who was, he says, one of the cleverest men of his day) it makes a picture of colour and distinction. There is an old oak seat near the deep fireplace in which I shall love to sit when the winter really settles in—if it ever does in this soft-aired, sunny South, so different to the far-away North.

V.

Nov. 17.—Something has happened.

That seems a trite enough thing to write down, but the three words, after all, mean much, followed by an explanation. The truth is, my curious sense (extra sense, I suppose) has manifested itself again. I believe the last time was five years ago, when I saw the fairies near the church of Dalnarossie.

Yesterday afternoon, about five o’clock, Dr. Schreiber having gone to London, and Mr. Pollard to visit a patient across the Common, I was alone in the dining-room, and sitting in the corner of the old oak seat. There was no light in the room, except that of the fire, which had burnt itself down to that clear glow which fires get on sharp, frosty afternoons of late autumn. I had spent most of the time since lunch reading a curious old book which I had found in Dr. Schreiber’s study the day before, and was leaning back against

[Continued overleaf.]

IN THE BURROW ROAD?



THE MAKER OF "GENUINE ANTIQUES": Vot you doing? I told you to make worm'-oles, not rabbit'-oles.
You've made it two 'undred years too old.

the cushions of the seat with my eyes closed, thinking of what I had read and enjoying the quiet of the shadowy, scarcely lighted room, when I suddenly *felt* that I was not alone. The feeling was so strong, so acute, that for a full minute I remained quiescent. At last I opened my eyes, knowing without doubt that I was going to see something.

What I saw was this.

There stood upon the big square hearthrug, within a few feet of me, a young man whom I judged to be of about my own age—perhaps a little older. He was tall, he stooped slightly, and he was spare of figure. His attire was modern—a black morning-coat and vest and dark, striped trousers—and he stood with his hands in his pockets, after the fashion affected by Eton boys—somewhat slouchingly. His head was bent forward, and at first I could not see his face; but he presently turned a little, and the glow of the fire fell on it. I knew then that I was regarding a ghost.

The face confirmed me in my belief that this was—had been, I should say—a young man of, say, nineteen years of age. It was a sad, uneasy face—a face whereon were many signs of anxiety, trouble, perplexity—and it was curiously *old*. It was not a strong face—the chin was small and delicate; the mouth amiable, but weak; the eyes, big and blue, were the eyes of a child, and there was a frightened expression in them.

I sat perfectly still, watching. The figure remained in an irresolute position, fidgeting on the hearthrug for a minute or so—then it walked slowly to the window, stood looking out into the garden awhile, then came back to the hearthrug, lingered there a minute more, and finally crossed the room and opened the door. I followed it through the doorway on the instant; the servants had already lighted the hall-lamp, and the hall was clearly illuminated. And the hall was empty. There was no figure there.

I told Dr. Schreiber all this after we had finished our usual game of billiards last night. He listened with the gravest attention to everything I said, and when I had finished merely remarked—

"Angus, if you should ever see this apparition, or whatever it may be, again, do not be afraid to tell me at once."

VI.

Nov. 22.—I have seen the ghost of the young man again.

This afternoon I went out to stroll about the neighbourhood, and in the course of my wanderings turned into Wimbledon Churchyard. I was walking aimlessly about the paths, looking at the tombstones, and wondering if they had any unusual names or quaint epitaphs upon them, when I suddenly saw the apparition again, standing at the side of a grave which lay at the chancel end of the church. It was attired exactly as before, and stood in a similar position, slightly slouching, with its hands in the pockets of its trousers. The face was just as sad and troubled as ever, and had the same air of perplexity. The big, blue, childish eyes turned from the grave to the headstone, and from the headstone to the grave, as if trying to read something on the one or to see something on the other. Then they stared all round the churchyard—wonderingly.

I drew near, and looked at the inscription on the tombstone by which the ghost stood—in fact, I approached to within a few feet of the ghost itself. It seemed to me that it saw me—but only looked at me in the casual, uninterested way in which strangers regard each other.

The inscription was short and simple—"Here lieth the body of Major-General Sir Arthur Debenham, K.C.B., born January 15th, 1831; died October 4th, 1892. Also that of Florence Georgiana, his wife, born September 12th, 1834; died February 7th, 1893. Also in memory of their only child, Everard, born August 12th, 1874; died July 20th, 1893, at Hudiksvall, Sweden, where he is interred."

When I looked round again the apparition had disappeared.

I came straight back to Dr. Schreiber's house, and happened to catch him just coming in. After I had told him of this second appearance he remained silent for some time, and at last, without making any comment, asked me to go with him into the garden. He approached the gardener, an oldish man, who was at work there before Dr. Schreiber took over the practice.

"Gregson," he said, "you've lived a long time about here, haven't you?"

"Man and boy, five-and-fifty years, Sir," replied Gregson.

"Did you ever know Major-General Sir Arthur Debenham?"

"Know the old General, Sir? I should think I did!—why, he lived not half a mile from here. I knew 'em all. Why, the young gentleman, poor Mr. Everard, he lived here in this very house with your predecessor, Mr. Turrell, for some months after Lady Debenham died. Mr. Turrell and him was a-travelling on the Continent when Mr. Everard died, Sir."

"What was the matter with him? With Mr. Everard?"

"Matter, Sir? Why, what I calls a galloping consumption. He was a weak, white-faced lad always, and he got a deal worse after he came to live with the doctor. That was why they went to foreign parts—to see if it would do him any good."

"Why did he come to live with Dr. Turrell? Had he no relatives of his own that he could go to?"

"They did say, Sir, that he'd neither kith nor kin. Dr. Turrell had been the old General's doctor, and Lady Debenham's too—he was about the only friend they had hereabouts, Sir. They were a bit queer, the old gentleman and his wife—eccentric, as they term it."

"Was the General rich?"

Gregson scratched his head.

"Well, I should say he was a warm man, Sir—always considered to be so, any way. Kept his carriage, and so on," he answered.

After a few more questions we went away. But I have since been asking more questions—of Gregson and of the housekeeper. Their description of Everard Debenham is that of the apparition of the young man whose ghost I have now seen on two occasions.

VII.

Nov. 28.—I think that even Major Kennedy will now believe that I possess some curious power of seeing the usually unseen.

Yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, Dr. Schreiber, Mr. Pollard, and myself were lunching in the dining-room when I suddenly saw the ghost enter. It came in very quietly—in its usual half-slouching attitude, and immediately upon entering the room halted and stood looking about it in an irresolute manner. The expression of the face was, if anything, more anxious than ever, and the eyes were almost miserable in their perplexity.

My companions saw me lay down my knife and fork and look towards the door with a fixed expression.

"What is it, Angus?" inquired Dr. Schreiber.

"It is here again," I answered, knowing that Mr. Pollard was by this time acquainted with the matter.

"Where is it?"

"Standing between you and the door. It looks as if it did not know where to go or what to do, or as if it were seeking somebody or something."

"Watch it closely, then, and tell us what happens."

Then I began to report the ghost's movements to them.

"It has walked across to the window and is standing there, looking out into the garden . . . now it has come to the hearthrug, and is staring into the fire . . . and now it is going out of the room again . . ."

"Follow it," said Dr. Schreiber.

The three of us left the table and followed the ghost out of the room. This time it did not disappear—instead, it turned to the right along the hall and went into Dr. Schreiber's study.

"What is it doing?" asked the doctor, when we got within.

"It is standing in front of your desk, looking at your writing-chair. It seems more perplexed than ever. Now it has gone round to the hearth and is looking all along the mantelpiece as if it wanted to find something . . . now it is leaving the room."

"Follow it."

The ghost went out through the hall into the garden—we three close upon its heels. It stood on the step outside the door for a moment, looking very dejected; then moved slowly away across the garden and walked round the lawn in the centre once or twice. It now slouched more than ever, and its head hung forward as if it were in trouble or pain. Suddenly it turned away by a side path towards a part of the garden given up to trees and shrubs. I described its further movements to my companions.

"It is walking up that little path which leads to the summer-house . . . now it has entered the summer-house . . . it is standing there looking just as lost, perplexed, troubled as ever . . . now it . . . ah!"

"What do you see, Angus?" asked the doctor.

"It has gone—disappeared," I replied.

We turned back to the house.

"What do you think of that, Pollard?" said Dr. Schreiber.

"Queer!" replied Mr. Pollard.

Nobody said anything more just then, and very soon afterwards the two doctors went out together. An hour later they returned with a carpenter and his assistant, and a couple of men who looked like navvies. Dr. Schreiber asked me to come with them and then led the way to the summer-house. When we arrived there he addressed the carpenter.

"I want the floor of this place removed, and the soil beneath excavated until I tell the men to stop," he said. "Do it at once."

It did not take much time for the carpenter and his men to take up the floor, which was formed of squares of pine wood, easily detachable.

Then the men began to dig.

There is no necessity to write down the details of this gruesome search. We found the body of the young man whose ghost I had seen so many times. It was dressed just as the ghost was dressed. Gregson at once identified it as that of Everard Debenham.

Dr. Schreiber has communicated with the Home Office, the police, and the coroner.

VIII.

Nov. 30.—The coroner's inquest is just over. The expert from the Home Office, a famous doctor, says that Everard Debenham was poisoned, and the jury have returned a verdict of wilful murder against Dr. Turrell, to whom, it seems, all General Debenham's estate was left in the event of Everard's death, if that took place previous to his marriage and the birth of children. We hear that Dr. Turrell has been arrested at Edinburgh, where he had gone to live after selling his practice to Dr. Schreiber.

IX.

March 21, Alassio, Italy.—On arriving here this afternoon we found the English newspapers, and learnt from them that Dr. Turrell was hanged at Wandsworth Gaol last week, and that he left a full confession. There are also articles commenting upon the strange circumstances under which the crime was discovered.

But there was nothing strange about them to me.

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S support ensures the substantiality of the testimonial to David Hunter. The Yorkshire wicket-keeper this year comes of age as his county's stumper, and twenty-one years in a position accurately diagnosed by Lord Londesborough as being of some danger and risk is no mean period. But Hunter, even if his hands are battered almost out of recognition, has kept a young heart, and it is only a few seasons ago since he said to me, as he started to join Lord Hawke at the wickets: "I'm all of a tremble. If I get out his Lordship goes too; and that I'd hate to be the cause of." Lord Hawke, needless to say, is not overlooking, in his turn, an opportunity of proving his loyalty to an old comrade of the field.



FAIR HOSTESS AND MUSIC-LOVER: MRS. RONALDS, WHO FILLS A UNIQUE POSITION IN SOCIETY.

Among the Anglo-Americans who are really in Society Mrs. Ronalds occupies a unique position. Her exquisite voice attracted the admiration of Queen Alexandra and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and so Mrs. Ronalds' Sunday afternoon musicals became a social institution. All the great singers, Melba, Calvé, Caruso, as well as Kubelik and Paderewski, have performed in her drawing-room. Mrs. Ronalds is singularly charming and amusing, and, moreover, she is the very soul of good-nature and kindness, as many a now famous musician can testify.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

of Princess, which she received on her marriage. The Duchess comes of an old Bohemian family, and she has a very strong personality as well as great personal charm—indeed, it was for her sake that the Archduke resisted for ten years the efforts of his relatives to marry him to a Princess of his own rank. She has two little boys of seven and five, and a daughter of eight. The Duchess, though her marriage is perfectly legal, is debarred from becoming Empress, but Hungarian lawyers have always held that the Archduke's renunciation does not affect his wife's position in Hungary, and that she will therefore become Queen of Hungary, though she can never be Empress of Austria.

The Whitney Pressman has been scolded by Mr. Harry Payne Whitney for recklessness—not in danger, but in dollars—during his English sporting season. In crossing to get

The Duchess of Hohenberg. The Princess Sophie Chotek, the morganatic wife of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, has just been raised by the Emperor Francis Joseph to the rank of Duchess. This is, of course, a higher title in Austria than that

at his grouse he paid £140 each for his own and his party's berths, and these berths were each day miraculously filled with rare flowers. On his moors in Scotland he has already spent fifty thousand dollars, and his beaters form an army of over one hundred men. All this to kill little birds lazy with good feeding! The strictures on Mr. Whitney are, however, somewhat ill-judged. He has always spent his money freely, not only on himself, but to the advantage of American sport in general. The Polo Cup was "lifted" in the summer, and it is difficult to overestimate Harry Whitney's share in the event. Nor should we forget that Mr. Whitney junior has been spending many months, but no money, in Arctic regions. While one Whitney slept on rose-leaves another slept on ice, and made amends.

Maxims for Burglars!

Often with a certain reluctance is the needy burglar charged by the householder unfortunate enough to make a capture. For example, the other night a Vicar marched his man to



"LILY LANGTRY," NOVELIST: LADY DE BATHE, WHO HAS JUST PUBLISHED HER FIRST NOVEL, "ALL AT SEA."

So Lady de Bathe has joined the ranks of the novelists. The brilliant lady who was known as Mrs. Langtry has already won her spurs as a dramatist, and it will be remembered that the King and Queen were present at a special command performance of her play, "The Crossways," at the Imperial Theatre. The daughter of a former Dean of Jersey—hence her name of "the Jersey Lily"—Mrs. Langtry has been the admiration of both England and America, not only for her powers as an actress but also for her successes on the Turf. Her marriage to Mr., now Sir, Hugo de Bathe took place ten years ago.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE DUCHESS WHO MAY BE QUEEN OF HUNGARY, BUT CANNOT BE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA: HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBERG, WIFE OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has just raised to the rank of Duchess the morganatic wife of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. Her Highness was married at Reichstadt on July 1, 1900. She was born Countess Chotek of Chotkow and Wognin. On her marriage she was created Princess of Hohenberg; now, as we have noted, she has been raised to the rank of Duchess. By the Austrian Constitution she cannot become Empress of Austria, though in due course her husband will be Emperor. She can, however, it is argued, become Queen of Hungary.—[Photograph by Adèle.]

the police-station, and then, relenting, refused to proceed against him. That meant a cold walk in pyjamas for nothing. Sir Hiram Maxim has, however, proved himself to be made of sterner stuff, and the householder in general will be glad to hear it. Sir Hiram will have nothing to say to the Bishop whom Victor Hugo has immortalised as saying to the police that he had given his plate to the burglar; and he never could admire the gentleman in history who took precautions not to catch a thief. When Gaston of Orleans lost his favourite gold striking-watch, someone proposed that the gentlemen present should be searched. "Oh, no!" cried he, "rather let them all depart without delay, lest the striking of the watch betray the scoundrel." Was it thence that Mr. J. M. Barrie evolved the betraying clock within the crocodile?

KEY-NOTES

A New Composer. The name of Don Roffredo Caetani is well-nigh unknown in musical circles in this country, but judging by the merits of his

Sympathetic Prelude in E flat and the reception accorded to its performance in the Queen's Hall the other night, London is likely to desire more of his acquaint-

Moriz Rosenthal justifies everything he does. He has the most wonderful hands of all the company of virtuosi, presumably because they are always directed by a brain that has mastered all the inwardness of interpretation. There is nobody quite like him; "none but himself can be his parallel." To hear Moriz Rosenthal play is to realise the ultimate capacity of his instrument under the hands of a man of genius.

"Dylan." Under the pen-name T. E. Ellis, Lord Howard de Walden has written the book of an opera, "Dylan, Son of the Wave," for the music of Mr. Joseph Holbrooke. It is likely that the work will be produced

in the near future under the direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham, who has shown his faith in the composer's gifts by giving his work a prominent place on the programmes of the Beecham Symphony Concerts. "Dylan" is a work that commands such setting and stage expenditure as is associated with the works of Wagner and Baron

In revenge for his murder, the Sea King submerges Govannion's country, and the murderer himself meets death. To set a remarkable story like this to music that will do full justice to it is a task that any musician may be proud to undertake, and one that does not necessarily carry blame with unsuccess. The mounting



MISS AGNES NICHOLLS.

ance. The Prelude, one of a series of five published by Schott and Co., contains some attractive thoughts very fluently expressed, neither uninfluenced by modern work that could be named nor yet distinctly derivative. It is music with a certain charm, bearing the impress of a personality, showing a marked capacity in the choice of means to an end, and a happy avoidance of exaggeration in thought and expression. The composer, who is a member of the Sermoneta family, has studied under Sgambati, and has devoted himself seriously to composition. The Prelude given last week carried the opus number 8, and as Don Roffredo is quite a young man, his future work will be heard with interest, and there should be plenty of it.

Moriz Rosenthal. If the many piano virtuosi could handle their instrument with the exquisite facility and address of Moriz Rosenthal, who has just given a recital at the Queen's Hall, there would be some excuse for virtuosity. It will be remembered that Herr Rosenthal created a furore at the Queen's Hall in March last, when he visited London after an absence of many years, and



ALDERMAN CHARLES G. BEALE
(Chairman of the General Committee).



THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH
(President of the Festival).

THE BIRMINGHAM
MUSICAL FESTIVAL:
PEOPLE MUCH
CONCERNED IN IT.
Photographs by Whillcock and Sons.



MME. ADA CROSSLEY.

held a critical audience spellbound. There are players in plenty who know how to enlarge the legitimate sphere of the pianoforte, whose agility seems to have

irreverent are tempted to suggest that no inconsiderable part of the composer's published music would serve already for one of these three divisions, it must in fairness be remembered that Mr. Holbrooke's cleverness is of no common order, and that he is always in deadly earnest.

The Libretto. The book deals with a fantasy of great beauty. Dylan is the son of a sea-god and a princess, and is, moreover, a bard who has turned the minds of men from thoughts of war and strife to peace. His uncle, Govannion, decides upon his death, partly because he regards Dylan's birth as a blot upon his sister's name, and partly because he dreads the peaceful influences that the young bard has created.

something in common with that of the jugglers and high-trapeze artists of the music-halls, who make us wonder why the keys of the piano are not smoking or melted when their hands thunder out the final chords of some tiresome show piece. But

Franchetti. The chorus is allotted to Winds and Waves and Wildfowl, and if the

MR. DALTON BAKER.

of a few years' standing in London who could not fill his columns now and again with scandals that could not be refuted. There would be no need to go out of the country to find them. Every profession lends itself to abuses, but perhaps the musical and dramatic professions can claim the heaviest crop. But before one turns on a searchlight, it is well to be assured that it will serve some useful purpose.—COMMON CHORD.



MME. GLEESON - WHITE.



DR. HANS RICHTER
(The Conductor).

Even if the attempt should fail, it will have been well worth the making, for it marks the tendency to carry opera away from the realms of sex passion into which Young Italy has brought it.

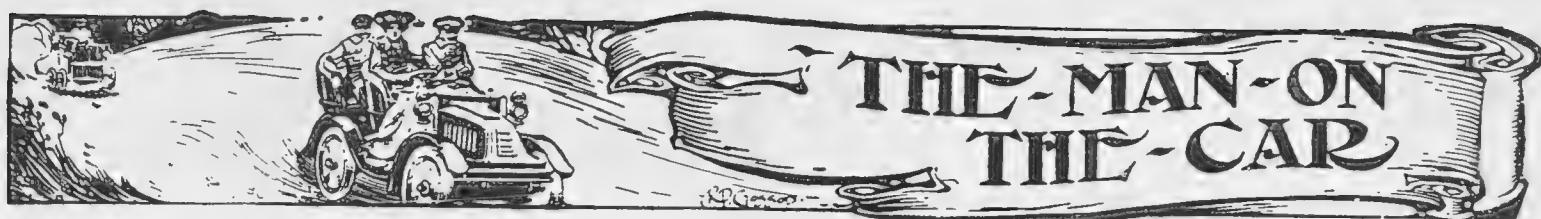
"The Truth"
About American
Music.

deal of interest in musical circles, for it suggests revelations, and they never need go far to find an audience. For many years Mr. Klein served the *Sunday Times* as critic, and his knowledge of the inner workings of the musical world must be, like Mr. Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar."

But is it altogether wise to tell all, or even the greater part, of what one knows? There can hardly be a critic



MR. FREDERIC AUSTIN.



The Carburettor— Having no exhibition this year upon which to centre their attention, the French technical papers are discussing all sorts of odd questions connected with automobilism. One of them asks if the days of the carburettor are numbered, and appears inclined to answer the self-posed question in the affirmative. All the well-known shortcomings of this most necessary apparatus are ruthlessly indicated, but the criticism is all destructive. What is to supersede the various variations of float-feed chamber, jet, jet-chamber, mixing-chamber, and automatic valve is not even hinted at, though our contemporary is not even a little blind to all their faults. No part of the motor-car has been more eruditely discussed, and few details have been the subject of more experiments. Of course, there has been improvement of a kind; but in the march of progress the carburettor has lagged lamentably behind the rest of car mechanism. And until someone can work a miracle, and produce a liquid fuel whose specific gravity shall be equal to that of air, I fear we shall not get much "further."

Aero-Naph for Aviators. Reference to the subject of carburettors reminds me that those great fuel-providers, the Anglo-American Oil Company, whose Pratt's Motor Spirit is a household word with motorists to-day, are keenly alive to the fact that the safety of the aviator is bound up with the reliability of his engine first, last, and all the time. They are proving that this is so by the introduction of a new spirit, specially prepared for the engines of aeroplanes and dirigibles, and have dubbed it Aero-Naph. Now, as the boiling-point and not the specific gravity is the crux of a satisfactory internal-combustion engine fuel, the boiling-point of this spirit has been most carefully determined with aeroplane engines, as, indeed, it needed to be when we have aviators like Mr. Orville Wright soaring to a height of 1500 feet. As aviation catches on there is certain to be a big demand for this fuel.

The Tyres It would seem of Avon. that the Tyre of Avon bids fair to rival the Bard of that ilk in notoriety, if one may judge by the record of certain Colonial experiences that are now before me. A hundred miles on Colonial roads is as a thousand on European ways, and New Zealand roads are not the kindest of motor-routes overseas. I read of

a Talbot owner there who has scored 3000 miles with his 815 by 105 Avons, and expects another 2000 out of them; while a Geraldine motorist, with a 15-h.p. Darracq, avows 2000 miles and hardly a scratch. A Timaru station-owner expresses the greatest satisfaction with Avons, and a user in Waimate writes that they do not chip and fray, as other tyres he has used were wont to do.

A Three-Inch Race in Man!

The certainty that our neighbours across the silver streak will return to motor-car racing next year, most laudably and patriotically backed by a fostering and paternal Government, should cause our somnolent Associations to ponder the subject. Those enthusiasts who lately crossed the Irish Sea to assist in the Motor Cycle Tourist Trophy Race have returned full of an impression that Hall-Caine land is to see a Three-Inch Race next year. Now for those who think engines in millimetres—and nearly everyone does to-day—that means cylinders of .76 millimetres bore, surely a size of engine which should have no fears even for the *Times*. I am told that the R.A.C. have even contemplated it in their secret places, and that in his prize-presenting speech at Douglas, that most urbane of Governors, Lord Raglan, distinctly hinted at the probability of such an event. So may it be, lest we are doomed to lag still farther and farther behind our friend and keen competitor, France.

The Private Owner to Pay for All.

From what passed in the House of Commons last week it would appear that, whether we want them or no, we are to have new motor-roads, usable by other forms of traffic. Now, we don't want them, except in very few and very special cases; but we have got to pay for them, and pay for them with money which might be much more usefully spent in the improvement of existing roads. I see it is urged that these new roads are required as much for the use of the commercial motor as for the pleasure-car, or even more so; but it is the pleasure-car owner who has to find the wherewithal all the time. Even now the commercial interest is screaming to be let off the 1½d. a gallon to which the Finance Bill has leniently condemned it. Nevertheless, tax-free, they and the horsed traffic are to use the new motor-roads *ad lib.* It is high time the private car-owner got to his tent. Our trust is in the—Lords!



DIVIDED WE FALL? THE NEW BUTTONLESS COSTUME FOR LADY AVIATORS.

Can it be that the divided-skirt dress for lady aviators indicates some desire to prove the truth of the adage, "Divided we fall"? For the rest, we may give the following description of it: "Entirely innocent of buttons, the 'aeroplane gown' has arrived. The one shown in the accompanying photograph is the creation of a New York house. It opens in the back, on the left side, and fastens closely with hooks. There is not a button on it. The 'trousers' are of sufficient length to reach the ankles, and are caught up below the knee and held there by rubber bands. The width of the pantaloons is 56 inches."



HOW "LA DEMOISELLE" IS ATTACHED TO M. SANTOS-DUMONT: THE "FIXTURE" ON THE BACK OF THE AVIATOR'S COAT TO WHICH IS FASTENED THE WARPING LEVER OF THE AEROPLANE. By means of this "fixture," M. Santos-Dumont is able to work the warping lever of his tiny aeroplane. "La Demoiselle," by movements of the back.—[Photograph by G. d'I.]



Cesarewitch. The Cesarewitch has always been a favourite race with the public. It is not an interesting contest to watch, for it is impossible to see anything of the running until the horses come through the Ditch. After that they run

straight to you, and it is difficult from the stands to say which is leading even at the Bushes. I like to go to the opposite side of the course, where at least a good view of the finish can be seen. The race has been won by many outsiders, but it rests with Mr. William Bevill (who up to recently was Clerk of the Course at Kempton) to boast of having won the race with a brace of rank outsiders. These were Audrey, who started at 100 to 1 in 1861, and

Mrs. Taft, who started at 100 to 1 in 1861, and Mrs. Taft, who started at the same price in 1851. Mr. Bevill, who at one time raced in partnership with a past Earl of Hardwicke, had a mount in the Derby over half a century ago. Lady de Bathe, better known to racegoers as Mrs. Langtry, has won the Cesarewitch twice—with Merman in 1897 and Yentoi in 1908. Mr. James Smith, who won the double event with Rosebery in 1876, built the Bon Marché at Brixton, but the business did not pay, and he sold it. It is now a flourishing concern. Don Juan, the winner of 1883, was ridden by E. Martin, the successful trainer. Chaleureux (1898) and Grey Tick (1903) were both bought to lead work. The first-

WHAT A DIFFERENCE! A FINE PUTTING GREEN.

Copyright Photograph courteously supplied by Messrs. Sutton and Sons.

named, when the property of a well-known sporting journalist, could win nothing. St. Gatien and Florence won the double event in 1884 for Mr. John Hammond, who earlier in life was a jockey's attendant. St. Gatien had already divided the Derby with Harvester.

Officials. I was talking to a well-known race-course official the other day, who told me that there was money to be made at his calling years ago, and as an illustration he added that he netted £30,000 in ten years by acting as Clerk of the Course at a certain meeting not very far from the Metropolis. This sort of thing is not possible nowadays. All the same, I believe racecourse officials are paid well, and, to their credit be it said, they know how to take care of their money. They live quietly, and never have a bet under any circumstances whatever. Mr. Judge Robinson takes nothing stronger than water with his lunch. Whenever possible he walks from the station to the course, and the only interest he has in racing is to

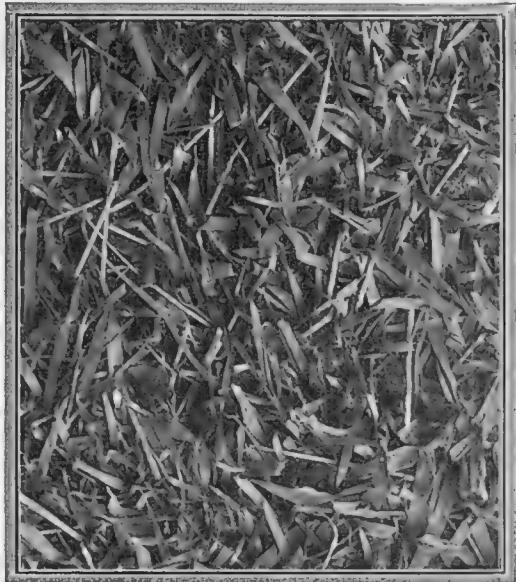
tell which are the winners and the placed horses after the races are over. Our handicappers are sound men, who do their business well, and the same may be said of the starters and other officials. I know many of the stewards bet, but I do not think the sport suffers on that account, as it is just as well that those who have to decide objections should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the market movements, so as to circumvent the schemes of the "win, tie, or wrangle" division. Trainers, of course, bet; but I would not under any circumstances allow any jockey to back any horse in the race other than the one he was riding. Of course there is the written law against jockeys betting, but, if I am not misinformed, many of the riders are fond of a gamble, and some of them make it pay.

Place-Betting.

Several of the chief commission-agents have now adopted the plan of allowing their clients to back horses for places only. Further, they even take place-bets when the favourite starts odds-on. Many of the little punters indulge in place-bets; but my experience shows that, in the case of a well-backed animal to win, he generally finishes out of a place if he is not good enough to be first, and the crack jockeys always ease their horses when they find they cannot win. All the same, I

think the Jockey Club should pay more attention to the placings, and they should insist on all horses being ridden right out. This would be of the greatest service to the handicappers, and it would make the sport much more interesting. I know of several good-class owners who do not bet, but who insist on having their horses run right out for the benefit of the place-bettors; but there are others who, if they could not win, would not under any circumstances allow their horses to be placed for races when they had no possible chance of winning. I believe the silly plan of pulling horses up short just before reaching the post is the direct

CAPTAIN COE.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE! A COARSE PUTTING TURF.

Copyright Photograph courteously supplied by Messrs. Sutton and Sons.

of the riders are fond of a gamble, and some of them make it pay.



AN ANTELOPE THAT IS AS LARGE AS A HORSE: A FINE ELAND.

The eland is an African species of antelope, the largest of all antelopes, and practically the only one disposed to take on fat. Its flesh is greatly valued, especially the thighs, which are dried and used like tongues. As a rule, it is about the same size as a horse, standing five feet high at the shoulder, and weighing anything from seven to nine hundredweight.

Photograph by N. R. Graham.

cause of there being so many rogues in training. That should be discouraged by the authorities. It is almost as bad as pulling up their mounts at the starting-post. Pulling at either end of the race ought to be severely punished.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Smith" and
"Charles."

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's new comedy opens up, among many pressing social questions, the singularity of calling our educated, graceful, and well-mannered handmaidens "Smith," *tout court*. The custom, of course, dates from feudal times, and was primarily intended to humble the dependent and put her in what was described as her "proper place." So also arose the habit of calling men-servants, in strangely familiar fashion, by their Christian names, so that we have the curious phenomenon of the daughter of a hundred Earls (or one soap-boiler) habitually addressing the footman in endearing fashion as "Charles," while she calls her personal maid, with scant courtesy, "Smith." Now this young person is "Miss Smith" to the world below stairs, nor are they allowed for an instant to forget her position in the domestic hierarchy, while she, in her turn, "misters" the butler and calls the footman by his first name. Thus, etiquette is extremely complicated in the world of masters and servants, yet I fancy the growth of democracy and the increase of education will shatter this carefully constructed edifice before long. Every woman who sees Mr. Maugham's brilliant satire will feel uncomfortable when she goes home to receive the graceful ministrations of her particular "Smith," and a change in our attitude towards our servants will be the first wave in the democratic high-tide which is going to sweep away many an ancient landmark, dyke, and tufted feudal tower.

Mrs. Gummidge's Complaint.

To feel "lone and lorn"—and to communicate the fact to all and sundry—is a not unusual complaint among elderly females of every class, and even among young ones of an old-fashioned type. It is a state of mind comprehensible to far-seeing people of to-day, who are aware that the economic dependence of woman on man, and her deprivation of most civic rights, renders her a pitiable object when old-age or impecuniosity is her lot. In Dickens's day these things were not envisaged, and the melancholy old woman was a fit object of mirth and satire. There is, however, another and more diverting explanation of melancholy in the modern individual, and that is—simply and solely over-eating. In an amazing American novel, called "New Wives for Old," the fat but comely spouse of a Western millionaire has terrible attacks of pessimism

silk petticoat." In such a toilette and after such a breakfast the lady felt as lone and lorn as the immortal Mrs. Gummidge, and it is only when a new admirer appears on the scene, who persuades her to adopt modern methods of hygiene, that she recovers her good looks as well as a more sane and cheerful outlook on life.

Lavender Lies.

At one of the London clubs devoted to abstruse discussions they are shortly going to propound the startling thesis "that some deception is justifiable and necessary in social and family life." This frankly Jesuitical proposition "gives," to be sure, *fureusement à penser*. Roughly speaking, there are two classes of people in the world: those who habitually use terminological inexactitudes and those who, from honesty or laziness, always tell the horrid truth. For it requires much thought, time, and considerable mental adroitness to arrange facts so that they shall be pleasing, and to conceal things which may annoy. In short, being agreeable is an arduous occupation in itself, and many women know that "managing" a husband, family, and large household is as fatiguing as breaking stones on the highway. It is certain that the women who habitually make use of innocent deceptions are vastly more popular (until found out) than their more truthful contemporaries, and they would probably classify those "small deceptions which are necessary in family life" as lavender lies. It is a moot point, however, whether a course of systematic juggling with the truth does not have a deteriorating effect on the character of the persons who do it, and whether they do not purchase domestic peace at too high a price.

Shakespeare's Shares.

It is pleasing to discover that William Shakespeare, unlike most poets, was an excellent man of business, and was by no means disposed to write masterpieces for nothing. By Dr. Wallace's discovery, we learn that successful dramatists either took their profits from, or invested them in, shares in the theatres where their plays were performed. This, to be sure, would be a wild-cat investment for a serious author to-day, when theatrical competition is so intense, and the public—unlike that of Elizabeth's day—cares not so much for literary excellence as for a gaudy spectacle. But though it is interesting to discover how and when Shakespeare invested his money—for his income of £600 a year was a handsome one in those days—we would far liefer know something about his loves. We want to be certain who was the Black Lady of the Sonnets—if she was indeed that Maid of Honour about the Court, who disguised herself as a page of a night, and loved Lord Pembroke in so unwise a fashion? That William Shakespeare, poet, dramatist, actor, and theatrical speculator, had personal intercourse with great ladies of that day—some of them saucy and skittish—there can be no manner of doubt. His princesses and young feminine aristocrats have the hall-mark of reality, and like all of the greatest masculine writers, he never made a mistake when he drew a woman.



[Copyright.]

A GREY-GREEN TWEED COAT FACED
WITH DARK CEDAR-GREEN SILK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

after every meal. A light breakfast of sausages, eggs, cutlets, fruit, hot cakes, and coffee with cream renders this intrepid eater deeply suspicious of her husband's fidelity—and no wonder, particularly, as the author tells us, she omitted to do her hair, and wore, at this repast, a "mussed *négligé* over a torn



[Copyright.]

A SEASONABLE HAT OF GREEN VELVET TRIMMED
WITH SHADED GREEN OSTRICH-PLUMES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

The Coming Kits. We are very near the hunting season proper now. Only the most enthusiastic of sports-women are ready to leave their beds before dawn to go cub-hunting. All are ready for the first run of the real season. Women are as particular as ever about their riding-dress for the hunting-field; even those who dress for comfort when hacking, either in the Park or the country, are prepared to stiffen up and make sacrifices at the shrine of smartness when the real sport begins. All one need say about the cross-saddle question is that this year a few more women have taken to it, and débutantes in the field are strongly in favour of it, while older riders are as keenly for the side-saddle. Riding-coats are longer than ever in the skirt, and have the lapels longer—more like those of a man's frock-coat. The waist-line is indicated in the semi-fitting coats somewhat longer than before. The hats are really pot-shaped, with very round crowns and very straight brims. Stocks, boots, and gloves are as usual. Like the legislation of the Medes and Persians, they are subject to little change.

A Royal Meet. There was a meet of the West Norfolk last winter at which the King and Queen were present. This winter, the Cheshire, of which the Duke of Westminster is Master, will probably have a similar honour. Their Majesties are to visit the Duke and Duchess at Eaton Hall early in December. The occasion will be a great one—the first since his Accession on which the Sovereign will have been in the magnificent pile erected by the late Duke of Westminster.

A Nice Bird. When a really practical and pretty novelty appears the heart of woman rejoices. This time it hails from Denmark, and it is the plumage of an eider-duck or some other kind of Arctic wild-fowl. It makes up into charming boas and muffs. The colour is grey, like chinchilla, and the centre of the front part of boa and muff is faced with plumage breast-feathers, shading from grey to pale grey-green—really warm and light, and I am told that it wears well and will not be injured in the slightest degree by rain, so I think there is something for which we have to thank dear little Denmark!

Fashions of To-Day. Dress is not the only thing ruled by fashion, even if it be the chief. There are household matters that alter—ornaments, accessories, and things for children and for servants. That world-famed firm, Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, have just issued their catalogue of the 1909 autumn-winter season, which will be sent free on application. Illustrated in it is a wide and varied collection from the world's finest markets, all of the highest quality and best value. As a guide in every way it will prove reliable, and be of immense service to those who live too far away to pay a personal visit to this magnificent establishment, as well as to busy people who have not time to spend in many departments seeing much of the vast stock of things collected in various parts of the world and in the great European centres of fashion, together with creations made on the premises.

For Mixed Weather. A coat which can be discarded and donned according to circumstances is a necessary garment when we have heat and cold rain and dry intervals. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of one in grey-green tweed, with revers faced with dark cedar-green silk. It is fastened

with coarse lace. On the same page is an illustration of a smart and seasonable hat of green velvet, turned up at the side and trimmed with shaded green ostrich-plumes.

Four more volumes of their new edition of Oscar Wilde's works have now been issued by Messrs. Methuen—namely, "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," "The Duchess of Padua," and "Poems." The whole series is to consist of twelve uniform volumes, at five shillings net each. The first two plays here mentioned, of course, need no introduction to those of our readers whose recollections of the stage carry back a decade or two, though it may be added that the acting version of "Lady Windermere's Fan" does not contain the complete text as given in the book. "The Duchess of Padua" has been produced with great success in America, Germany, and Russia, but never in England. In the present edition, a new preface and a dedication explain certain incidents connected with the lost manuscript of the play. Doubtless it will be by his poems that Oscar Wilde will chiefly live in English literature. The famous "Ballad of Reading Gaol," more shudderingly powerful than Hood's "Eugene Aram," is by no means the only poem that entitles him to fame. As a master of language, fiery and musical, and as a poet of passionate spiritual rebellion, he is with Swinburne and with Shelley.

A CLOCK TO RECALL OLD TIMES: PRESENTED TO DR. J. O. F. MURRAY ON HIS LEAVING ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE, CANTERBURY.

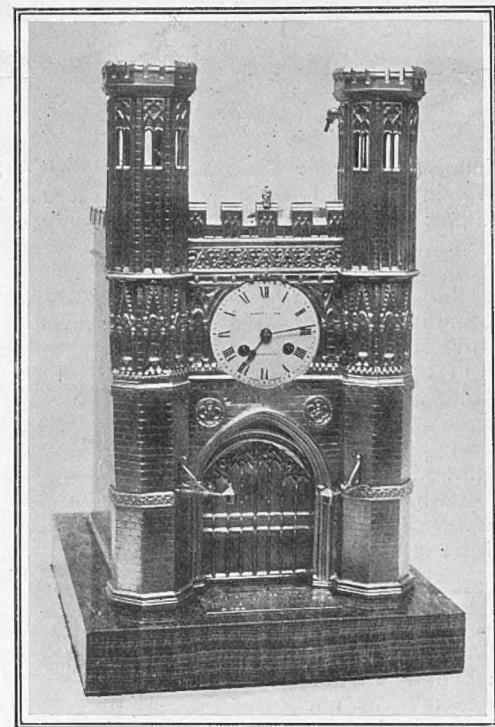
Our illustration represents a clever reproduction in silver of the gateway of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, which, arranged as a clock, was presented to the Rev. Dr. J. O. F. Murray on his retirement from the position of Warden of that college. It was modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of 220, Regent Street; 158, Oxford Street; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

way of scenery and is close to the Burns country.

Scores of the best-known hostesses in London are indebted to Messrs. Lyons for the arrangements at their parties. So popular, indeed, has the firm's private catering become, that they have set apart special kitchens and accommodation for it. The excellence of the service and the moderate cost are enough to explain the popularity of the system. Wedding-cakes are another specialty, which royalty has not disdained to favour, and the designs for these and other artistic productions of the firm can be seen illustrated in the new catalogue to be obtained on application at Cadby Hall, Kensington.

During Lieutenant Shackleton's Expedition to the South Pole a welcome discovery was made at Cape Royds. This was a 1-lb. tin of "Log Cabin" tobacco, evidently left by one of Captain Scott's party in his expedition of 1904. After nearly six years the tobacco, although the tin had been opened and was rusted, had kept in perfect condition, and was brought home as a memento for the manufacturers. They now possess the tin, with a portion of its contents; but the remainder was consumed on the spot, and much appreciated.

We much regret that an error was made in the calculation of Mrs. E. H. Harriman's income per minute, given with her portrait, in our issue of last week. As many careful readers with a mathematical bent will doubtless have discovered, the income on a capital sum of £20,000,000—the estimated amount of her fortune—reckoned at 5 per cent., works out to nearly £2 per minute.



PRESENTED BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON TO THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB, MASS., U.S.A.: A CUP OF SOLID SILVER.

Although there may be many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lipton, yet Sir Thomas does not suffer his interest in yachting to flag, as witness this splendid trophy which he has presented to the Corinthian Yacht Club, of Massachusetts. The cup, which is of exceptionally beautiful design, was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

bent will doubtless have discovered, the income on a capital sum of £20,000,000—the estimated amount of her fortune—reckoned at 5 per cent., works out to nearly £2 per minute.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 26.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND A GENERAL ELECTION.

LORDS or no Lords, the Stock Exchange does not want a General Election just yet. Business is beginning to mend nicely, and from various markets ascends the cheerful hum of greater animation, the rise in the Bank Rate scarcely affecting prices at all. But an appeal to the country would nip business badly in the bud. When men talk, sleep, eat, and drink politics they have no time or inclination to cast a thought upon the Stock Exchange, and the heat of the dog-days has no more withering effect upon trade in the House than a General Election has. Moreover, it is none too certain that the Liberals would be defeated if an election were to take place now, and so "Let us keep things, Budget and all, as they are" may fitly describe the attitude of Capel Court to the political situation at present.

GOOD FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

The charmed circle within which can be found good Foreign Government bonds paying 5 per cent. on the money is gradually getting narrower, and it looks as though the whole market were moving towards a 4½ per cent. establishment. Amongst the 5 per cent. bonds still remaining at par, or thereabouts, may be instanced the Argentine Fives of 1909 and the Chili Fives, also of this year. One or two of the Brazilian loans pay practically as much. The 4½ per cent. issues have moved up all round. There is the Russian Railway 4½ per cent. scrip, guaranteed by the Russian Government, which is a good investment at 93½, fully paid. A small coupon on December 1 will be followed by the full interest six months later. Japanese 4½ per cents. have little scope for further rise, and much the same remark will apply to many of the other bonds in this department. A cheap security is the 6 per cent. Debenture of the Peruvian Corporation, obtainable about 99, which is rendered all the more attractive by reason of the new loan.

THE LULL IN THE JUNGLE.

Holders of West African shares need not, we think, take alarm at the comparative dulness of prices in the market, or worry because values show a dwindling tendency. Where people are carrying-over stock, of course it is a great temptation to sell, even at a bad price, rather than continue the account with the prospect of paying out more and more differences. Maybe, West Africans will have to go back further still before the upward turn comes round again, and to advise speculators is always more difficult than to offer counsel to the speculative investor who can hang on to his shares and wait for better times, better prices. That both of these will come again we see no reason to doubt. Apart from intrinsic values, the "big-house" interests want to see West Africans good, and they can be trusted to work up prices again before long. Gold Coast Amalgamated, Nigeria Bitumen, Abbontiakoon—these are three of the most promising ventures for a rise in value.

MISCELLANEOUS.

They say that the Humber Company is in negotiation for the rights to manufacture aeroplanes, and a preliminary contract in respect of two hundred machines is rumoured.

* * * * *

Will the London and Lancashire be taken over by the Royal or by the Commercial Union? That is the question which is interesting the insurance world just now.

* * * * *

Millar's Karri shares are being talked to £2 by people who have the best means of judging what the Company is doing. We should not be at all surprised to see the price touch 30s. a share.

* * * * *

It is difficult to avoid the impression that the Marconi Company received a disappointing price in the recent sale of certain of its rights to the Government. If we had them, we should sell those shares.

* * * * *

British North Borneos look as though they were far from being "finished with" yet. In spite of all the puffing which the shares have lately enjoyed, we think that an exception may be made in this case, and the shares not sold.

* * * * *

Strand Palace Hotel 7 per Cent. participating shares can be bought at about 28s. 9d., so that the yield is a shade under 5 per cent on the money. They look a steady enough investment at that figure.

* * * * *

A tip for the far-seeing gambler. Southern Alberta Lands Option certificates can be bought at half-a-sovereign for special settlement, and the believer in Canadian Land shares will have no difficulty in expecting they will go to 15s., at any rate.

A correspondent writes:

"JUBILEE GOLD MINE INCOME TAX.

"If I pay 2s. in the Transvaal and 1s. 8d. in England, and taking into consideration the life of the mine and writing it off, how much in the pound do I pay?" Will any of our mathematical readers oblige? For the purposes of calculation, we suppose the life of the mine should be taken at the usually accepted estimate of four years.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The optimistic tone of the chairman's speech at last Wednesday's meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway has hardly been reflected in the quotation for the shares; nevertheless, the current year is likely to show a marvellous expansion in the Company's traffics and in the value of its enormous acreage of unsold land. Shareholders are to be offered one new share for every five held at 125 dollars, and the total issued Ordinary capital will then amount to 180,000,000 dollars. In attempting to estimate the value of the Ordinary shares "ex-rights," it is necessary to value, *first*, the railway, on which a steady 6 per cent. may be regarded as assured, and, *secondly*, the landed interests. As an investment-paying 6 per cent., with prospects of an occasional bonus from new issues, the shares might probably be valued at, say, 130 to 140. Then the value of the landed interests has to be taken into account; at present the cash in hand from sale of lands and town sites amounts to 14,000,000 dollars, and the deferred payments on which, of course, interest is paid—exceed 18,000,000 dollars, or a total of 32,000,000 dollars, from the interest on which one dollar per share is being paid. The unsold lands exceed 12,000,000 acres, a part of which consists of irrigated land, which will command a high price. It is impossible to estimate what this acreage will ultimately realise, but if its present value be put at 10 dollars per acre, a very moderate figure will have been adopted. This would give a total value of 152,000,000 dollars for the Company's land—or, say, 80 dollars per share, or a total value of 210,220 per share "ex-rights," against a present quotation of about 180. The value of the crops harvested this year in the Dominion is computed at 200,000,000 dollars, as against 119,000,000 in 1908, and one result is certain to be an enormous increase in the demand for land, so that shareholders are not likely to have long to wait for an additional dollar per share from interest on land sales.

ROSARIO DRAINAGE DEBENTURES.

I drew attention last year to the comparatively high yield to be obtained from an investment in the First and Second Debenture stocks of the *Rosario Drainage Company*, and to the improving nature of the security. The report for the year ended June 30 last has now been issued, and from the figures given below it will be seen that steady progress continues to be shown in the Company's revenue—

Year to June 30.	Gross Revenue.	Working Expenses.	Net Revenue.
1903 ..	£6,050 9 5	£7,958 16 11 ..	£8,091 12 6
1904 ..	£18,598 18 7	£7,926 7 5 ..	£10,672 11 2
1905 ..	£20,855 13 8	£8,691 7 3 ..	£12,164 6 5
1906 ..	£22,411 12 0	£8,470 16 4 ..	£13,940 15 8
1907 ..	£25,581 4 1	£9,365 19 3 ..	£16,215 4 10
1908 ..	£30,646 6 0	£9,747 17 2 ..	£20,898 8 10
1909 ..	£33,245 8 0	£10,206 7 7 ..	£23,039 0 5

It will be noticed that the gross revenue has doubled, and the net revenue almost trebled in the past seven years. The balance available this year, after providing for the interest on the Prior Lien Debentures and First Debenture stock, and for the redemption of Prior Lien Debentures, was £12,199 os. 5d., of which £9028 16s. was required to pay the full 4 per cent. on the Second Debenture stock. The amount of the Prior Lien Debentures is now only £56,000, and is being reduced year by year. The first Debenture stock is quoted at about 80, and therefore returns a clear 5 per cent., while the Second Debenture stock can be bought to pay nearly 6 per cent. Both of these stocks are likely to rise gradually to considerably higher figures.

Saturday, Oct. 9, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

OCEOLA.—The market thinks that the bonds of the Chicago Great Western will be turned into a Preference stock, and that it will be worth more than the present price of the bonds.

MOLLY G.—We never mention the names of members of the Stock Exchange in this column, but have sent you privately what you want. We had to use a microscope to read your letter.

LAGOS.—We should hold Erie General Lien. The general opinion is that the Erie line will not be allowed to go into reorganisation, as such a catastrophe would injure the rest of the Yankee Market too much.

IRISH.—(1) Hold. (2) We have no information of value. We doubt if it is likely to be a success. (3 and 4) We have no information. (5) A good and promising property. Certainly, as a speculative investment, we prefer Consolidated Goldfields.

EMMA.—Rio de Janeiro 5 per cent. new loan is as good a thing as we can recommend you for your £300. You will get over 5 per cent., and not only have the credit of the city but of the Government of Brazil behind the security.

E. F. B.—The report of the United of Havana Railway is by this time in your hands. All the information we have is contained in that document.

C. L. T.—Cut your loss. If you had the shares paid for and put away we would say hold; but to go on contangoing them is not worth while.

W. W.—We have forgotten our integral calculus and such-like trifles, but have asked some of our mathematical readers to oblige!

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Rushcutter will win the Cesarewitch. Other selections for Newmarket are: Select Stakes, Minoru; Second October Nursery, Coronal; Autumn Handicap, Artisan; Challenge Stakes, Poor Boy; Ditch Mile Nursery, Facet; Lowther Stakes, Bayardo; Exning Handicap, Galleot; Royal Stakes, Phaleron; Middle Park Plate, Neil Gow. At Lingfield I like these: Pheasant Handicap, Alone Sir; October Nursery, Holy Wind; Non-Stayers' Plate, Grey Man; Cage Nursery, Howl.

"ROUND THE WORLD"—IN A MONTH.
(THE PLOT OF THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET.)

WARASDIN is a Count of no account. Yet he is alive to his position in the scheme of things and to his duties. He dresses his part as a conventional world expects him to do, that it may recognise him at a glance for what he is; has a nice little black moustache that matches his soul and is just fierce enough to be impudent without being bourgeois; and, the lady's heart being engaged elsewhere, aspires to the hand of the fair, raven-locked, lustrous-eyed Doña Dolores, only child of Don Miguel, of the Argentine Republic and many a pile of pesos. Now, Dolores has no desire to be the Count's Doña. Her own particular "Old Kent Road" is inhabited chiefly by one Jack Beresford, Captain and no fisher for cash. Therefore, when Warasdin takes unto himself glory, a silver trophy, and a blue-and-gold banner as the victor in the Vienna-Monaco ride, her head is not turned towards him. Rather, indeed, she seeks to convince his rival that a kiss on the brow is very much more grateful and comforting than any wreath of laurels, or whatever modern equivalent for the same the local jeweller may provide. Better still, when the boiling Beresford wagers £20,000 against a like sum to be drawn from the wily Warasdin's bank, that he will go round this O, the earth, in a month, risk walking over the edge and proving the theories of the flat-earthers, and arrive in the foyer of the Empire (Leicester Square) to schedule time, she is exceeding sorry.

Warasdin, meantime, has scuttled off to catch the Vienna Express, eager to be in Moscow with Beresford, that he may make the earliest opportunity so to delay him that he must lose his bet. Beresford remembers the train as the whistle sounds for its departure. For a moment vice seems top-dog. Then enter Ready, of the Aye Readys, the chauffeur, who promises to bustle the procrastinator to Ventimiglia by car, that he may board the train there. Enter also an idea into the grey-matter of Dolores. A whisper to the chauffeur, a hurried exit, and the deed is almost done. Done, it reveals a ready-maid mechanician, who is at once engaged by Captain Jack (whose sight, obviously, is not what it was). Ventimiglia is reached in the nick of time, and to the passengers who are en route for Moscow are added the venturesome three.

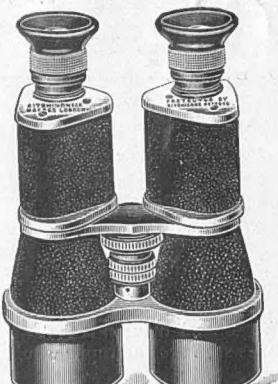
In the old capital, the party find themselves, as neatly as though Cook had conspired it, in the Place Krasnaia on a national fête-day. Ready is moved to execute an eccentric dance, to the amusement of the young and gallant Grand Duke Basil. Then from a booth, limping and escorted by a giant gipsy, comes the beautiful Natalia. The "master's" whip is cracked, and to this "piping"

the girl dances, forcing a gaiety and a flexibility of limb that fail her between the movements, when she has time to plead for mercy. Beresford is much annoyed when the thong of the whip bites the fair shoulders, but he has not fallen in love at first sight. Ready has, and the bully goes to ground. The chauffeur is arrested, and more delay is certain. Warasdin does more train-catching. But, ha! who comes? It is the Grand Duke again, and in a sledge. The situation is explained, Ready is freed, the detention of the train is commanded, Natalia's indentures are torn up, and the gipsy, chaperoned by her youthful brother, joins the English party, who dash off in the Grand Ducal sledge. Nor does the composition of the flying tourists change in this detail alone. Dolores gives herself away by allowing her raven hair to be shaken down her back.

Comes the neighbourhood of Kharbin. Manchu loot-seekers wreck the express. From the débris emerge Beresford and company, with Warasdin in the background. There being no train to catch, the wicked one steals a pony and a march on his rivals, and rides to the next station. Again all seems lost. But—! Two railway officials are found sufficiently undamaged to telegraph for help. A relief train arrives. And so to Vladivostock and Tokio.

In the Garden of Ten Thousand Joys is a serpent (one Warasdin aforementioned) and a most bewitching Geisha. This lady has an itching palm. The serpent tempts her, and she eats gold, on the understanding that she is to "hocus" Beresford with drugged saké. Ready overhears the plot, and "raises" the wily one. Thus, the nice man is unharmed and the nasty man is removed from the immediate vicinity in the Tokio equivalent of the City's motor ambulance. For all this, he bobs up serenely in San Francisco, hires a brace of red-shirted russians, has Natalia kidnapped, uses her plight as bait for the luring of Beresford, and holds both captive in One-Eyed Jack's saloon. So, Ready and Dolores get the chance of their lives. In the guise of Mexican singers and dancers, they gain admission to the den; and, with a view to keeping up their characters (which, in such a place, is very necessary), they give a Duo Mexicain. This (as, somewhere or another, they have seen the Apache dance) is a success. A moment later, the cords that bind Beresford have been cut, Natalia is found, and the party make their escape in a whirl of revolver-shots.

Warasdin, having caught his train again, waits confidently in London for the striking of the hour at which the bet will be won and lost, and, knowing what he is about, waits in the Empire foyer. Charming ladies charmingly gowned and hatted and cloaked, gentlemen in "immaculate evening-dress" are around him. It wants but a few seconds to the appointed time. What is that? A stir outside, a hoot and a toot, and right through the open foyer door comes a car, with Beresford and friends aboard.

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